

THE ILLUSTRATED

# SPORTING & DRAMATIC

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MRS BERNARD BEERE.



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Next week's issue of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a portrait of Miss Clara L. Kellogg—The Beavers at Bute, No. 1.—Roach Fishing at Chertsey Weir—Pencillings from the Plays, by A. H. Wall—Forest Shooting—Famous Dramatists (continued), Mrs. Sheridan—Earl Rosslyn's Jersey Cattle at Easton Hall—The Life-Boat—“Think He'll Do?” by J. Sturges—Sketches by Our Captious Critic, &c.

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## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1878.

### CIRCULAR NOTES.

MR. ARTHUR MATTHISON has appealed from the Lord Chamberlain, who interdicted him, and from the British public which seems to have snubbed him, to Mr. Clement Scott. Here at last the martyred adaptor has found a sympathetic ear to listen to his tale of woe. Mr. Matthison appeals to Mr. Scott “as one of the critical guides of the public,” whose opinion he values, to record his “impression of the moral and satirical points at issue.” Mr. Scott is obliging enough to grant the request, and his “impression of the moral and satirical points at issue” occupies about a column and a quarter of the last number of the *Era*. Now Mr. Clement Scott is a graceful writer and an accomplished and experienced critic; but I cannot see that either his literary accomplishments or his theatrical experience render him an authority on a pure question of ethics. Mr. Scott is candid enough to admit in his letter that he is himself “afflicted with the weaknesses of human nature,” but he nowhere professes to be possessed of the qualities necessary to constitute him a judge of morals, nor do I find anything in his letter which justifies the assumption that he possesses those qualities. Asked by a friend to give his opinion of that friend's play, he does what any friend would do under the circumstances—he does the best he can for his friend. Had he done otherwise his conduct would have been branded as unfriendly. But what could have possessed Mr. Matthison to publish the correspondence? When Mr. Clement Scott appears in the rôle of Mr. Matthison's friend he ceases to be a “critical guide of the public,” and his utterances therefore are absolutely valueless, except to Mr. Matthison.

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT, by the way, thinks that society would not relish *A False Step*; “too many withers will be wrung.” I should have thought that Mr. Clement Scott would by this time have discovered that there is nothing society relishes more than scathing satire on itself. It is one's neighbours, not one's self, that one invariably picks out as the persons whom the satirist's cap fits. And we all know that there is nothing more pleasant than the spectacle of the follies and foibles of our friends dissected for our amusement. There is, however, a difference between the satire which comedy allows, and the psychological dissection in which French dramatists take a morbid delight. I cannot see that any good purpose whatever is served by the representation of a morbid and repulsive psychological study on the stage. Mr. Clement Scott, indeed, appeals to “the precedent of centuries” in defence of such representations. I will admit that in days when printing was unknown and books were rare, the stage admirably discharged functions which it is no longer called upon to discharge. But now there are other and more effectual means of inculcating those moral, political, and social lessons which in the dark ages found their only popular exponents on the boards. And if Messrs. Matthison and Scott will allow me to say so, I prefer going elsewhere than to the stage for my moral lessons. I neither ask nor wish from the theatre anything more than intellectual entertainment. I am satisfied with powerful acting, strong situations, and clever dialogue. Give me these, and a fig for your moral lessons!

Poor Mr. Whalley! it is enough to make him turn in his grave to hear his enemies heaping coals of fire upon his head after this fashion. It is the *Weekly Register* I quote from:—“Mr. Whalley, there can be no doubt of it, though he never intended to do anything at all of the kind, but, indeed, quite the reverse, was for years past of the greatest possible service to the Catholic Church here in England. He rendered ridiculous the bigotry of those who are most bitterly opposed to it; and he did so by carrying it in his

own person to an excess alone to be described as nothing less than crack-brained exaggeration. He was so tremendously in earnest at the very time that he was putting everyone upon the broad grin that it was quite impossible to quarrel with him. He did us yeoman's service.”

A DISTINGUISHED novelist, whom I need not further particularise—for I think all who know his works, especially his letters, will recognise his “fine Roman hand” in the subjoined effusion—had his gas cut off by the company the other day; whether because he was in arrears with his rates or whether by mistake, deponent sayeth not. The insult was a dire one; he seized that trusty and terrible weapon his pen, and forthwith wrote as follows to the manager of the company:—“Choosing the moment when your miserable apology for light is about to be superseded by Edison's magnificent invention, you have thought fit to do, without an order from me, what I should very shortly have asked you to do, namely, cut off my gas. You can now send for your meter, and, if you please, take up your pipes. Till I enjoy the benefit of electric light, I would rather use tallow candles than contribute again to your abominably abused monopoly.”

PREPARATIONS for the return of the Jews have already commenced, and Dr. Cumming is, I understand, in high feather in consequence. A monster hotel—but, no, let me tell the romantic story from the beginning:—Some years ago a prosperous Iowa farmer conceived the idea that the Jews were about to be restored to their own land, and that it was his mission to be an instrument in restoring Jerusalem to its ancient splendour. His relatives did not see the matter in quite the same light; but the idea had so worked itself into the brain of the enthusiast that he sold off his possessions and divided the proceeds with his family. Taking a small share for himself, he sailed for Judea, and reached the Holy City in safety. Here a European visionary would inevitably have come to grief, and formed a unit in the thousands of beggars of all nations who swarm in Syria. Not so the Yankee farmer. He secured a plot of ground near the city, and set up an hotel on a modest scale for the children of Israel who, according to his idea, were about to return to their ancient patrimony. The Jews have not yet returned, but the hotel-keeper has prospered, and his family have so far recognised ‘the method of his madness’ as to sell off the remainder of their property, and join him at his hotel near Jerusalem.

THE Mayor of Louth (I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman's name), is not only a Tory of the fine old-crusted type, but a poet to boot. At a recent Conservative working-men's entertainment in that retired Lincolnshire town, he delivered himself of these “impromptu” stanzas, which I recommend all enthusiastic Tories to have widely circulated in view of the coming general election:—

When you meet with a man with a full bright eye,  
And the brow that tells of the purpose high,  
With the port of pride and with gesture free,  
And a frank and manly courtesy;  
Who yields to woman and grey-haired eld  
The respect in which each should aye be held;  
Who insult neither will brook or give—  
Be sure that man's a Conservative!  
If he is not afraid or ashamed to own  
He believes in his Bible and kneels to the throne  
(Giving cheers for Dizzy—for Gladstone a groan);  
If he bears on his banner the well-known line,  
“That Monarchs rule by Right Divine”;  
If you find that he fearlessly takes his stand  
With Prelate and Peer for his native land;  
For them, or with them, to fall and live—  
Be sure that man's a Conservative!”

If the worthy Mayor, now, would only give us a companion portrait of the typical Liberal, he would crown his reputation as a political rhymester.

“LOVE in a Balloon” is an incident to which the late Mr. J. C. M. Bellew familiarised me in a very amusing reading, but I confess that I was not prepared for so startling an aerial sensation as “Birth in a Balloon.” Yet if I am to believe the *Rappel*—and surely so grave and serious a journal would not be capable of chronicling aught but facts—such an event did actually take place this week in Paris. In the captive balloon on Sunday a young lady was taken ill. A doctor from Tarbes, who happened to be in the car, saw her safely delivered of a boy before the balloon reached the ground, when a cab took the mother and child to an hotel. The husband, son of one of the leading Manchester manufacturers, presented the doctor with 500f. for his services; and the *Rappel* commends balloon ascents to doctors in want of patients, while it remarks that a child who has started so high in the world promises to attain eminence.

THE “intelligent foreigner,” in the person of Signor de Tivoli, has been among us this summer taking notes of our sports, and has embodied the result of his observation in an article which appears in the *Rivista Europea*, entitled “Fluvial Exercises and Contests of the English Schools and Universities.” That he should include under this title cricket and football must be taken as a sarcasm upon our “fluvial” climate. His description of cricket is funny. “The two principal players,” he says, “stand near the respective wicket on either side—that is, the bowler, the attacker, and the wicket man, or defender, at the other end. The former, armed with a ball of hard leather about as big as a big orange, discharges it with force and dexterity, trying to beat down the enemy's wicket. The other, armed with a long ladle or stake of wood called bat, seeks to hinder him, and to send back the ball on the opposite wicket, or to such a distance as to cause loss of time to the adversary in recovering it. The other players are distributed on the field in aid of the principal players, who alternate their parts according to the rules of the game, too complicated to allow us to give every minute detail of them.” And yet I daresay a good

many of the spectators at the Eton and Harrow match could give no more lucid description of the game. I remember, at any rate, hearing a lady at Lord's, with an air of superior wisdom, thus describe the scene to a companion who had asked for information: “You see, my dear, one tries to roll the ball into a little hole close to the three sticks, and the one with the spoon tries to keep it out.” That is a fact.

THERE are young ladies in the East who are better hands at concocting a sensational matrimonial advertisement than even the gentleman whose singular announcement I gave the week before last. An Indian journal says that a young lady of Goa recently posted, at the Municipal Chamber at Margao, the following announcement:—“A young lady of eighteen years, of pretty good appearance, and having an annual income of 1,500 xerafins, wishes to marry a man under thirty years of age, who can command 1,000 xerafins yearly income; in addition, he should understand the English and Portuguese languages and the metrical system of accounts. On the 25th inst. she will pass at noon through the public streets of Margao with a green umbrella and a handkerchief of the same colour in her left hand, after which she will receive suitors with their proposals, and choose one from them possessing the stipulated qualifications.” I await in burning expectation the next Indian mail that I may hear the result of the lady's unique proposal.

IT will be news to “Varsity men” to learn from Signor de Tivoli that “the chase of the fox is followed on horseback in the winter, for which a special permission from the Head of the College is necessary for the students.”

THE science of rowing, however, the Signor has very fairly mastered—theoretically, I mean. He describes accurately enough the races on the Cam and Isis, and the great Inter-University Race. These are the glowing words in which he describes the May Races:—“The most limpid waters, alive with graceful barks of every size and construction, from the canoe with a single rower to the *ottireme*, and the pleasure-boats for ladies and gentlemen, who, on soft cushions, go there to divert themselves; the long file of racing boats which swift and light (*snelle e leggiere*) advance with their parti-coloured crews in the fashion of an immense dragon or aquatic monster, agitating the shining scales with which it seems covered while it beats the water with its thousand feet and makes the spray sparkle against the sun with a wonderful effect of light, writhing and twisting according to the windings of the banks; the retreat of the little boats at its approach; the living mass, running and yelling on the bank, seeming as it were beside itself at the sight of the monster.”

ON receiving the intelligence of Mr. Whalley's death, “the unhappy nobleman now languishing in prison” exclaimed with emotion, “Poor Whalley!—so he's gone! He was as innocent and suffered a most as much as myself. But he is happier than me—he's released first.” It is thought, by the way, that Mr. Whalley has left in his will a handsome provision for the Claimant's eldest son.

*Vanity Fair* has got hold of two sergeants, out of whom it is evident to me that Mr. Bowles intends to extract much comic “copy.” Sergeant No. 1 is in the Marines, and this is a specimen of his wit:—The First Lord of the Admiralty, when on his tour of inspection in Portsmouth, was going round Eastney Barracks. After seeing the library, he remarked to the sergeant in charge that the books were very good and well selected. “Yes, sir,” said the sergeant ingratiatingly, “we gets 'em all from your establishment, sir.”

SERGEANT No. 2 is the Hibernian “non. con.” with whom John Leech has made us familiar. Here is a specimen of his wit:—A few days ago the colonel of a regiment now stationed in one of the eastern counties was telling off the prisoners in the orderly-room, when one of the men was brought before him on a charge of insubordination. He was in charge of an Irish sergeant, and the following colloquy ensued:—Colonel: “Well, sergeant, what do you know about this case?” Irish Sergeant: “Well, sir! I tould the prisoner to move, and he would not; then I tould him to move again—and the only effect it had on him was to make him move more slowly than before. So I confined him.”

CAN it be possible that ladies of the theatrical profession are ever guilty of such affectation as a Baltimore journal taxes them with? “Do you know (says the journal in question) what might be called the blind bouquet dodge? No? Miss Fanny Davenport and Miss Genevieve Ward have tried it very successfully recently at Booth's Theatre. After Miss Davenport had given her performance of Rosalind, and had sung the ‘Cuckoo Song’ without obtaining the traditional encore, she was called before the curtain out of compliment to her charitable participation in a benefit for a good cause. When she came forward a basket of flowers was stretched out by the leader of the orchestra, but she didn't see it—no, she didn't see it at all. ‘Poor Fanny must be blind,’ said some one. All this time the flowers awaited her acceptance, but she bowed herself off without being able—poor blind girl—to see them. Of course the audience got up a sufficient applause to summon her back to take the basket. She gave such a start of surprise when she saw them—‘where could her eyes have been all the time?’ Genevieve Ward is stone-blind, too. The other night, after Queen Katherine had died, Miss Ward had to reappear, and, though she looked straight at the floral tributes, she didn't see them either, and had to be brought out a second time before they were apparent to her defective vision. When audiences find out this little trick, they will allow the flowers to be sent round to the stage door.” In common gallantry I decline to accept this statement as true.

ROUND ROBIN.

HOW WILD-FOWL COME TO MARKET.  
BY "WILD FOWLER."

## No. 3.—PUNTING (Continued).

THERE is no doubt that for an amateur the acme of fun in wild-fowl shooting is to be had by double-handed punting when the fowl are abundant—in this wise, that provided the paddler knows his work thoroughly, and really means to do his best, the

amateur enjoys unalloyed sport and does not get fagged over it, as he undoubtedly would were he to do both paddling and shooting, like the professionals.

In my enthusiasm, I have often gone alone punting, through failing to find ashore a reliable puntsman to come with me, and being so anxious to make a start at once that I would not wait for some good man to return from his trip. Accordingly, alone I would go, and when widgeon, &c., were about, I certainly always did enjoy myself, but not nearly so much as I would have

done had I had a puntsman with me. First of all, the labour is excessive. It does not tell very readily on a man who is used to it, and who has all his life lived by hard manual labour; but a man of sedentary pursuits to enter into the sport without previous training is absolute folly, and even then he will find that after a certain time spent in rowing and paddling, he will be fagged that he will grow dispirited, and will care only one thing—going back ashore, feeling dead beat. Secondly, the monotony of being alone is very depressing. It is all right



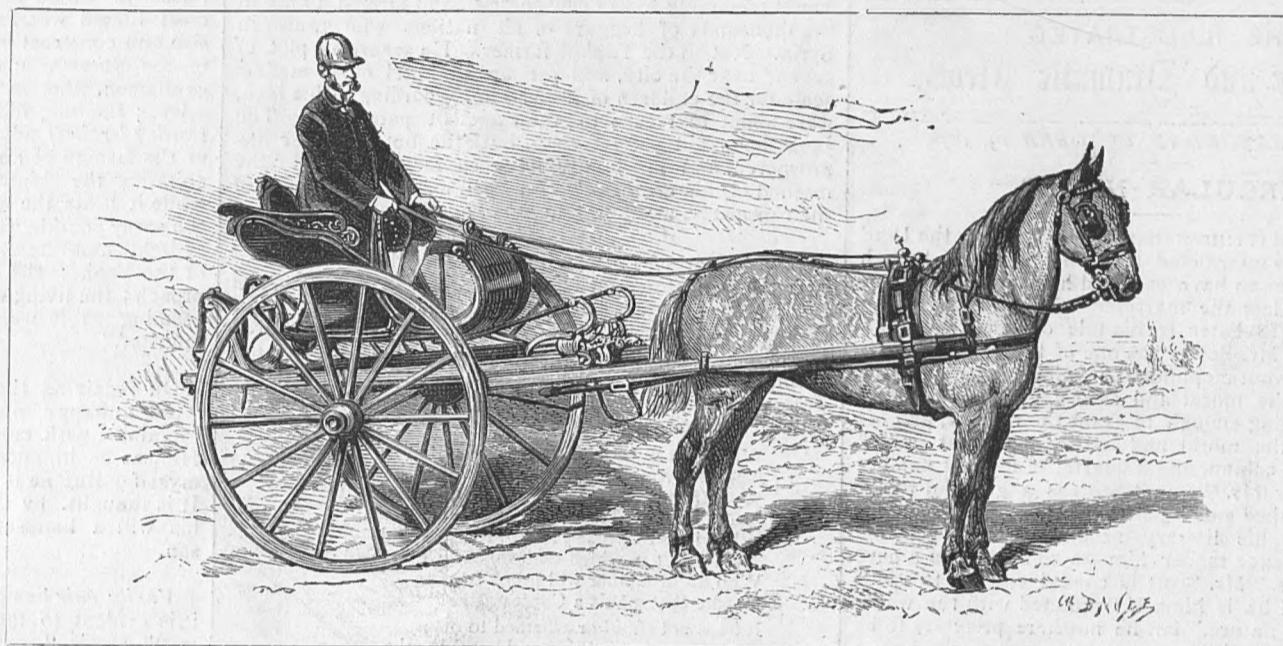
SILVER CUP—FIRST PRIZE FOR HORSES IN HARNESS.



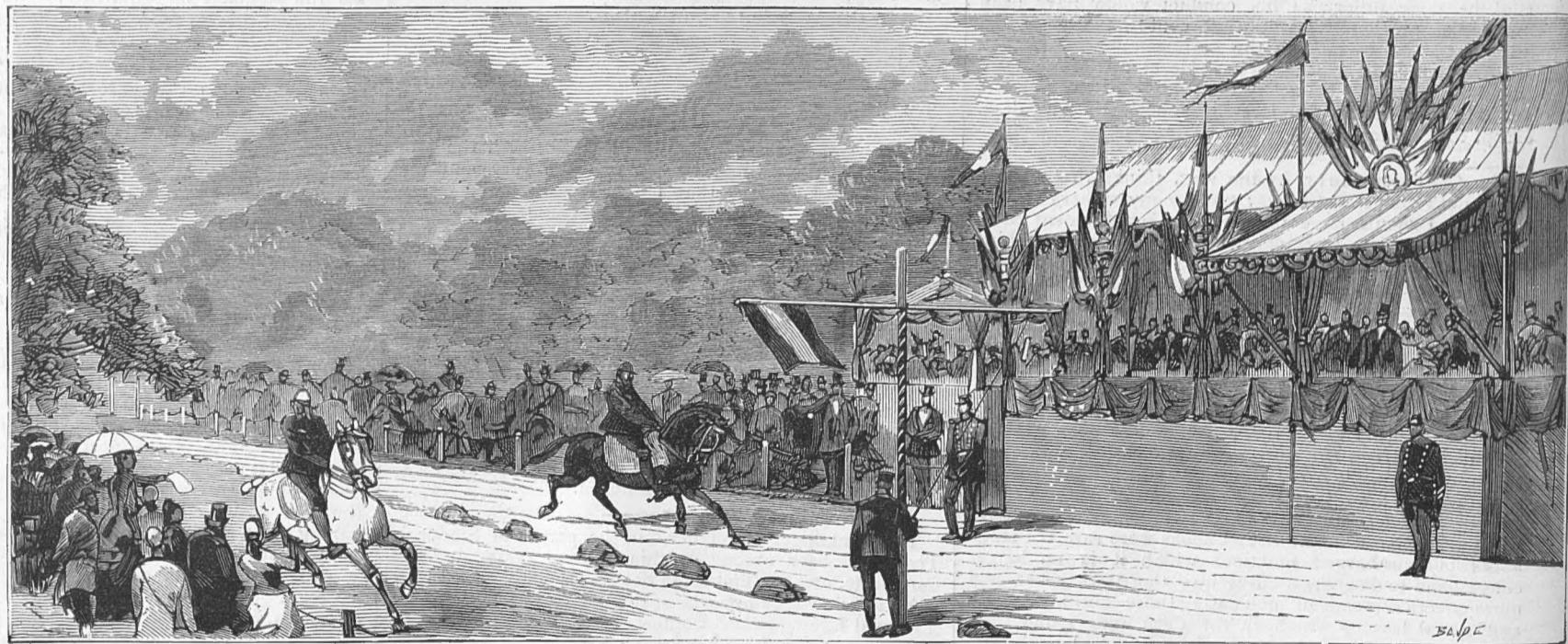
JOCKEYS SALUTING MARSHAL MACMAHON BEFORE THE RACES.



SILVER CUP—FIRST PRIZE FOR SADDLE HORSES.



WINNER OF RACES FOR HORSES IN HARNESS.



THE RACE-COURSES.

## THE DUTCH RACES IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

long as one can keep lights in sight, whether ships, or town, or village lights, anywhere; but when right away amidst the flats the silence, utter dreariness, and loneliness of one's surroundings, act very depressingly on one's spirits, particularly if one chances not to fall in with any birds, and waits for hours, may be, in the hope of having a shot—which he does not get. Now, if the amateur, under those circumstances, had even a dog with him, it

would be some sort of comfort; but dogs in wild-fowling punts are a mistake, notwithstanding that our ancestors often had dogs with them when punting—as witness several prints in my possession; but then the fowl were more abundant than they are now, and there being by far less fowlers than now, the birds were, moreover, more easily paddled to. Nowadays, all this is altered, and unless a dog be positively out of sight and perfectly motionless,

he will only spoil one's sport. Therefore the amateur is all entirely alone, and for aught to the contrary, he might find himself in another world. Of course some men do not object to that sort of thing, but others do. Why make a labour and an unpleasant pursuit of a sport? say they. And, to some extent, they are right. I am not a sybarite, but what comforts are there in

good care to make myself as comfortable and as happy as circumstances will admit, and I think my views on these points will be thoroughly endorsed by every sportsman who reads them.

Now, these being my "sentiments" on the subject, I need not add that, whenever I can manage it, I always prefer double-handed punting to going by myself, and I have made the reasons therefore quite obvious. I like to enjoy myself and not exhaust myself, and I like the society of a fellow-being. I reap the advantages of being taken to the best spots, and of interchanging remarks, &c., thus making of the trip a thoroughly enjoyable affair, and, on the other hand, the man gets some fun, all the birds that we kill, and his pay—thus, both of us are thoroughly satisfied—and that is as it should be. On the other hand, there is no question that a single-handed punt will often get near birds where a double-handed one cannot, somehow; either because the latter, being heavier, is more easily discerned by the fowl, who accordingly fight shy of its approach, or because a heavy double-handed punt is not so quickly and so readily worked. Still, when the weather is very hard, very good sport is to be had even from double-handed punts. Indeed, at such times the professionals themselves often go punting in couples. As regards beginners, whether amateurs or professionals, they must persevere at first go with a man well versed in the art when they wish to learn how to proceed; hence, my first punting expedition was with a professional, and I am not likely to forget that trip in a hurry, or my first single-handed trip either. Howbeit, to begin at the beginning, I will relate how we got on, old Sam and I, on our joint expedition. Of course I had previously done a good deal of

"amateur popping" from a dinghy among the creeks, with some equally youthful and equally enthusiastic chums of mine; but I had never been in a punt, though I had seen many out, and as for the stanchion guns, why I looked upon them with something uncommonly like veneration.

Well, we had often in our rows and sails after shore birds met a weather-beaten puntsman, hale and hearty, though verging upon three-score, and as we were very liberal to him in the matter of glasses of sherry, biscuits, cigars, and powder and shot (simply because we looked upon him as a sort of amphibious demigod, vastly superior to ourselves—in his wild-fowling knowledge, anyhow, since he had been at it from his youth), why the worthy old fellow gave us many a wrinkle, and often put us in the way of making a bag. So we had quite taken a liking to old Sam, and he, in his turn, nothing loth, was also very fond of us.

"I likes," he used to say, "to see young gentlemen like yourselves a-enjoyin' of yourselves with a gun. There be nothink in this 'ere wurld like a gun, masters. Mine is a old 'un," he would add, deprecatingly, glancing at his murderous-looking swivel-gun, "but she's done a deal of good work, she has; she has kept me and my missus, and she has kept my two boys and my gal, until they could shift for themselves, and to say that I loves my old gun is to say nothink; if anythink should happen to her, I don't know what I should do, for we have been in punts, she and me, well-nigh forty year now; we are old friends, we are, and I could not a-bear a partin'."

"You nearly lost her, though, several times—did not you, Sam?"

"Well, yes, sir; six times she has gone to the bottom, but we always got her up all right. I will tell you the tale some day; but it is now getting late, and I must get ready. The fowl have been scarce as yet this season, but there is a good wind now, and the tide will be all right, so I must try to bag a few to-night."

"Could not I go with you?" queried I. "I would not mind giving you a 'quid' and all we kill."

He stroked his beard thoughtfully.

"Well," he said, "I don't know as you might not come, if so you're inclined. Shan't be back till morning, you know."

"Oh, that don't matter. My friends will make that all right at home."

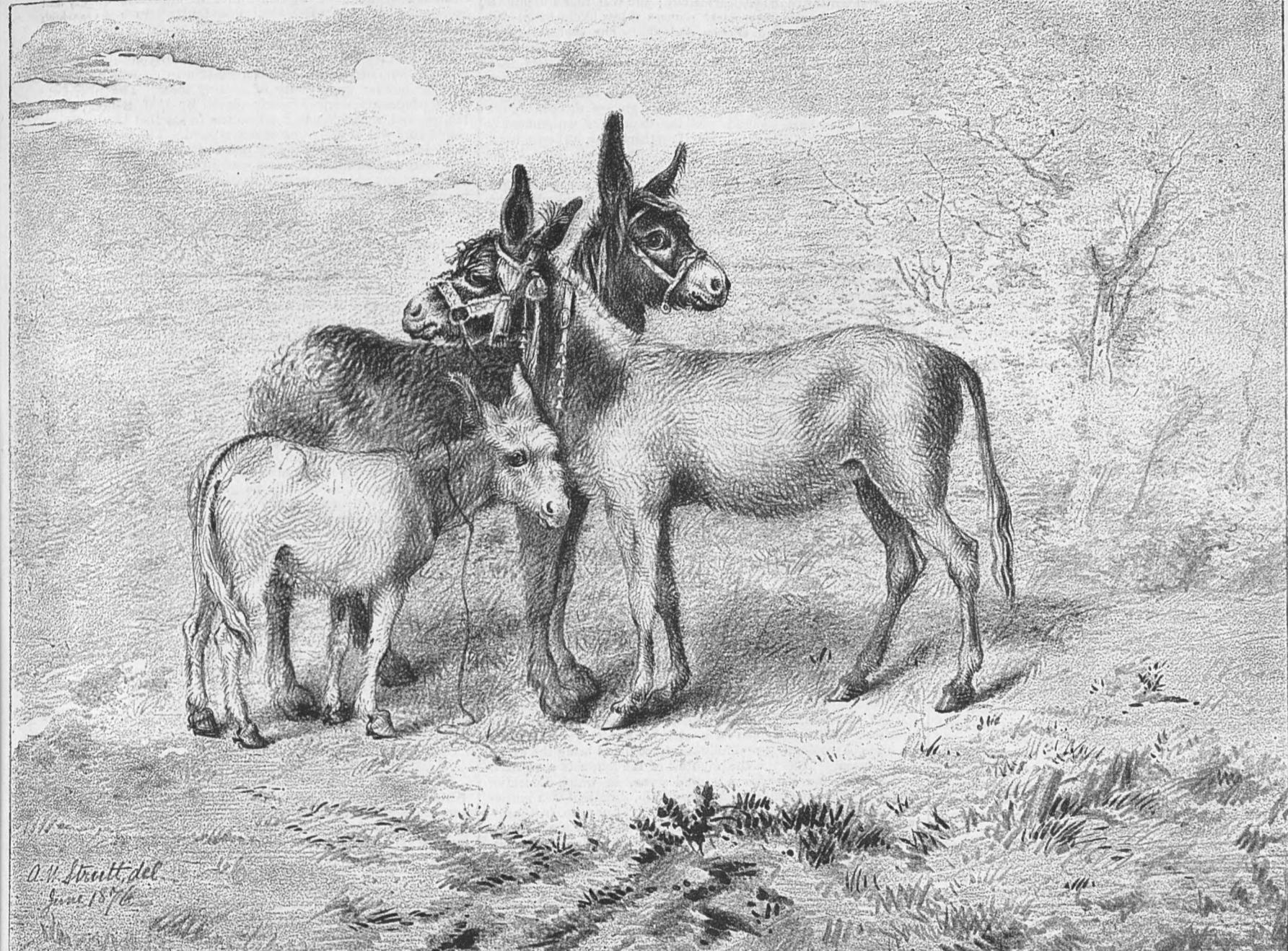
"Very well, sir; then come along. I will borrow my brother Jack's big punt, what he and I use together in winter time, and we will be comfortable."

And that is how it came to pass that on that cold November evening Sam and I made a start in Jack's big punt for a punting expedition.

I was squatting astern, whilst Sam, amidships, plied the sculls vigorously. At the bend we fetched the wind, and accordingly the worthy wild-fowler shipped his sculls, put up the mast and ran up the square little sail, and, handling a scull astern for rudder, we changed places, he squatting where I was before, and I facing him, with my back near the stock of the punt gun, which grimly stretched its long white barrel over the little deck, forward.

"How many ounces of shot have you got in her?" said I.

"Twelve," replied he.



O. H. Strutt del  
June 1876

POITOU AND SPANISH DONKEYS.

"And quite enough, too," rejoined I, laughing.

"You're right," said he; "it do make a sweep in 'em, when I can find 'em, that's all!"

Thus discoursing, *de choses et autres*, but all about shooting, we went on until we had left far behind us the few shipping lights, as well as the equally few village lights. Around us reigned the utmost silence, save the murmur of the sea, which gently told "tales" against the side of the punt, and the flapping to and fro of the little yellow sail, as the gentle breeze toyed with it, and onwards sped us. Then the "flats" appeared, dark and slimy, and as we drew near, strange noises arose, many shore birds which were feeding along the water's edge taking the alarm as we glided past them, and they flew over and around us in dismayed confusion, only to settle again a few minutes later, when finding that they were not to be molested.

We still went on, both of us looking out and listening intently, in case some shot might have occurred on our way. Meanwhile the moon arose, and then I must say that the scene was wonderfully brighter, as the rays lighted up the creeks like so many streaks of silver, and so light in fact did the night turn up, that for some no inconsiderable distance we could see right ahead of us.

"The tide is agoing to make," quoth Sam, "we will wait in this 'ere creek; the birds won't be long coming, now."

So saying, he got on his knees, tripped up mast and sail bodily, tied them together with a halyard, shoved them under the deck out of the way, paddled up the creek, and then crawled up to the gun to look at the priming.

"Now, may we have the luck to get birds sent us!" exclaimed he, fervently.

And I said, "Amen!" to that from the innermost recesses of my soul.

To say that I was wild with excitement is to express but very feebly my feelings at that moment, and the faint roar of a punt gun fired some miles away from us filled me with enthusiasm.

"That is my brother Jack," quoth the puntsman, "I'll swear!"

"But," said I, "won't he disturb our birds?"

"O dear no! He is a long way off."

"Still, it would be better if he did not fire at all—would it not?"

"Well, yees, perhaps; but then, we all must live."

This conversation was carried on in whispers, although there was no immediate call for our being cautious; but all puntsmen get into the habit of never speaking aloud when afloat, as they argue, and rightly so, that silence should be, as much as possible, the golden rule in a punt.

"S'posin' burds do turn up," quoth Sam, "will you fire at them?"

"No," said I, "I know I would miss them. I have never fired a punt gun, so I don't understand it. Let me see you do it first, and then I will have a try."

"So you shall," said he, "and, if we don't find fowl, I tell ye what we'll do, I shall load the gun lightly, and when going home in the morning you might fire it for practice on them curlews and other shore birds, as they will feed along the creeks."

And so it was agreed; but my first shot, nevertheless, and a successful one, too (favourable omen of a successful wild-fowling career, Sam averred afterwards), was at ducks; but of this more anon. Faithful to our programme, I remained passive astern, and Sam did everything—I observing all his movements, with *all* my eyes.

Paddle, paddle, paddle went the paddles, gently, as we headed the coming-in tide.

Presently: "I hears burds," quoth Sam, in a low key, "Now for it; make yourself as small as you can, sir; don't show yourself under any consideration, don't move, don't cough, don't sneeze, don't speak until the gun is fired or the birds have gone."

"Right!" I said; but I thought it would be something awful to remain so still so long, and I dreaded lest any titillation of my nose might set me sneezing in the nick of time, in spite of all my efforts. However, I managed capitally—at least, so the old man told me afterwards. Howbeit, now that the punt was steadily kept going, in the intervals of the recovery of the paddles, by listening intently, I could hear a strange noise ahead of us. It was not unlike the faint murmurs of a distant crowd of people; but now and then some strange notes, the "wheehohs!" of widgeon, gave the sounds a weird intonation; and when I state that I was quite breathless I only state the bare facts.

"What a lot of birds there must be!" I thought; and nearer and nearer we drew to them, they coming to us with the tide, and Sam, with his paddles, steadily heading towards them.

We were both lying down at full length on our stomachs, my

head reaching up to his waist, and he, with his head now on the port side, and now on the starboard side, squinted ahead to watch for their appearance.

He at last nudged me, and I cautiously peeped over the gun'ale. Jehoshaphat! What a sight! Right in the moonbeams as they played over the sea was a flock of at least a thousand birds, diving, gambolling, feeding, quarrelling, "charming" away to their heart's content. The noise of their bills as they fed, was perfectly noticeable amidst their cries, as they came on, and we drew nearer and nearer to them, and at last I saw Sam eyeing them over the gunbarrel, and fiddling about with his right hand for the trigger-string. I held my breath for good, and my heart died within me.

"Ahoy!" shouts Sam.

A roar like that of a cannon, a cloud of smoke as thick as a house, a rush of thousands of wings and loud startled cries as the safe members of the flock rise and sheer off, a splashing about here and there on the water in front of us, and when the smoke clears up, what appears to me to be at least a score of dark bodies, float about on the moonlit wavelets, and seven or eight more birds, only crippled, are tumbling about or swimming away, in the hope of escaping.

"Let them have it!" quoth Sam, joining action to the words, for the words were scarcely out of his mouth than from his double-barrelled gun there issues two flashes, and two of the cripples are laid out—like rags.

I then kneel up, too, and pepper two others.

"Reload quickly, master," says the fowler, "with your breech-loader we will manage them nicely."

He seizes the paddles, and rows me right in the midst of the lot.

Bang! Bang! Two more are settled. Open the gun, pitch out the cases, thrust in two fresh cartridges. Bang! Bang! at two others. In a moment the work was done.

"There be three or four more gone away somewhere," says the man; then, "but we need not bother about 'em just now. Let's pick up the lot here, and we will see if we can find any afterwards."

No sooner said than done. He did the rowing, and I did the picking up, and when all were safe in the punt we counted twenty-three birds, ducks and widgeons.

"Bravo, Sam!" cried I, delighted. "You did it right well!"

"Thank you, sir," said he, mopping his brow, as I handed him a large glass full of sherry, and he took forthwith a celestial observation, after which he handed me the glass (empty), wiped his grizzly muzzle on his sleeve, and two happier mortals, for the time being, were probably not to be found on the surface of the globe—at that time of night, anyhow.

When we came to our senses, after that little bit of elation which is inseparable from success in whatever form, Sam resumed his paddles, and rowed up to a flat, in order to re-load his gun.

Rattle, rattle, rattle went the big pebbles of powder down the old barrel; then the old man carefully primed the nipple, replaced the gun on to its rest, with recoil rope fixed up all right, and we got under weigh once more, but only came up to three ducks, just at dawn of day.

Quoth Sam, "Come for'ard, sir, and give it 'em. You have only to let fly right at 'em when I nudge you."

Which let fly I did, and so successfully that I killed two of the birds and crippled the third. We got him after a smart chase, as he kept on diving most annoyingly, and thus ended my first wild-fowl-shooting trip in a double-handed punt.

AN announcement is made of the engagement of a new tenor for the Opera House in Vienna, and at the same time an account is given of the extraordinary manner in which he became fitted for the position he now enjoys. The newly-engaged artist, we are told by a French contemporary, occupied until a short time since the modest post of provincial barber, having at no period of his life evinced the faintest natural capacity for singing. What happens to most young men at one moment or another happened to him—he fell in love; unfortunately, or rather, perhaps, as the event has proved, fortunately, the damsel whose charms had subjugated him requited his affection with disdainful indifference. The barber, unable to vanquish the sentiment which had taken his heart by storm, at last resolved to commit suicide. Being daily accustomed to the handling of razors, he naturally chose one of these as the instrument to accomplish his design. Whether, however, the razor was in fault, or the hand which held it faltered at the decisive moment, he was frustrated in his object; and being discovered with his throat cut, in imminent danger of death, the would-be suicide was transported to the Ratisbonne Hospital, and there tended by a German surgeon of some eminence, who contrived to repair the damage done by the razor, and save the barber's life by introducing into the gashed throat an artificial larynx. The barber's voice previous to the attempted act of self-destruction was, it is stated, a disagreeable and unmusical one; the barber's voice, after the surgical operation, was the sweetest, the purest, the most harmonious that ever issued from human throat. So he gave up shaving, and took to singing, but it is not stated whether his altered prospects have wrought any change in the sentiments of that strong-hearted young person who was the primary cause of the barber turning tenor.

THE Chicago Field directs attention to the wanton destruction of salmon in the Fraser River, and calls upon the British Government to protect the river. The following extract from a Californian journal is given by the Chicago Field, in proof of the wanton destruction of salmon, against which it rightly protests:—"Salmon a cent apiece; that is the market value of the fish along the banks of the Fraser River at present. The 'run,' as the fishermen call it, has been unprecedented. Indeed, the canneries have more fish than they know what to do with, and thousands of dead salmon are daily thrown into the river because there are not men enough to can them. Each cannery is turning out from 400 to 1,000 cases daily. The profit on each case varies in different years, according to the run of fish, from 1d. 50c to 3d. 50c; this year it will probably be more. Chinamen do all the work after the fish is landed. The fishing is principally done by Indians. A good many people say that the present 'run' may be expected every year, as they urge that until now the correct mode of catching the fish has not been understood. Several of the canneries are not only canning salmon, but have begun to salt the fish and pack it away in barrels. A good many people in the colony cry out against the employment of Chinese labour. But for the Chinamen the fisheries could not exist: it would be impossible to obtain white labour to do the work. Indeed, the cannery proprietors would be very glad to get whites. The season lasts for a few weeks only, and at the end of that time the men would be out of work. The Chinamen board themselves, and at the end of the 'run' take themselves off."

A TOILET GEM.—"Golden Star" Bay Leaf Water, unrivalled as a Toilet Water for its delightful and remarkably delicate aromatic odour. The pleasures and benefits of a bath are increased wonderfully by the addition of a small quantity of it. Extraordinary tonic properties are conceded to it for the nervous and those suffering from headache or fatigue. Buy only the "Golden Star" Bay Leaf Water, which name is registered for protection. Sold by all chemists and perfumers. Depôt, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[Adv't.]

## MUSIC.

### OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

MR. KARL MEYDER, the able musical director of our great national theatre, has taken a bold step in commencing a series of English operatic morning performances. The first was given on Saturday last, when Goetz's opera, *The Taming of the Shrew*, founded on Shakspeare's well-known play, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, for the first time in England. The German libretto, by J. Victor Widman, has been translated by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, who has adhered faithfully to the original, and has been fairly successful in his adaptation of English words to the music, although in some instances he has failed to consult the comfort of the singers, and has furnished correct but unmusical words. The Shakspearian plot has been followed, as far as operatic exigencies would permit, and the opera has the advantage of an effective and well-known story. Of the music, after a single hearing, only a qualified opinion can be given; but it may be said at once that it is masterly in construction, especially as regards the orchestration. The vocal music is melodious, but is not remarkable for originality, and is deficient in the spontaneity and lightness which are expected in comic opera. Unfortunately, the dialogue is carried on in "endless melody," and not only spoken words but recitatives are almost wholly absent. The effect, to those who are familiar with the Shakspearian dialogue, is heavy and monotonous, although it must be admitted that, after the manner of Wagner, Goetz has enriched his orchestration with many graceful and suggestive phrases, which illustrate the dramatic sentiment of the scenes in which they occur. Still, it must be owned that the majority of amateurs are less affected by orchestral writing than by vocal melody; and also, that a dialogue carried on in fragmentary vocal phrases is less likely to please a general audience than spoken dialogue. The success which has been made by the Carl Rosa Opera Company with Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor* is partly attributable to the fact that the action is chiefly carried on in spoken dialogue, compiled from the text of Shakspeare. Had a similar course been adopted in reference to *The Taming of the Shrew* a greater success would probably have been secured, and the sooner the experiment is tried the better. The Rev. Mr. Troutbeck has hitherto been chiefly identified with hymns, psalms, and other lyrics of an ecclesiastical kind; but since he has had the courage to depict cant, and to associate himself boldly with comic opera, he might as well go further, and show himself willing to manipulate the text of Shakspeare for the sake of rendering the English version of *The Taming of the Shrew* more attractive to the opera-going public.

The opera was placed upon the stage in a highly creditable manner so far as regards *mise-en-scene* and rehearsals. The band was enlarged, and included over sixty efficient instrumentalists. The chorus numbered between seventy and eighty voices, including many excellent soprano singers. The principal artists were for the most part unknown to fame, and none of them exhibited vocal powers of a remarkable order, but they all worked zealously; they had made themselves acquainted with their respective rôles, and some of them showed considerable histrionic as well as vocal ability. The opera opens with a melodious serenade, sung by Lucentio (Mr. F. Gaynor), who is interrupted by his rival Hortensio (Mr. C. Howard), and a short but effective ensemble ensues, in which Bianca's father, Baptista (Mr. G. Roland), and the male chorus take part. In this act there is a balcony duet between Bianca (Miss Rolt) and Lucentio, charmingly instrumented, but deficient in original vocal melody. Petruchio (Mr. Walter Bolton) has a long aria in D, common time, "She is a wife," which is dramatically effective, and the leading melody of which is often heard subsequently when Petruchio comes on to the stage, Herr Goetz having in this and other instances followed the example of Wagner. The finale of the first act is trivial. Act 2 is preceded by a charming orchestral intermezzo, and this followed by a duet between Katharine (Mdlle. Zuliani) and Bianca. Katharine's aria, "I'll give myself to no one" (in B flat, common time), is spirited and characteristic, and forms a suitable prelude to the scene in which she is wooed by Petruchio. Her short solo, "He makes me fear" (A flat, common time), is effective, and is followed by an ensemble passage, in which the composer shows himself to be an able writer of canon. The vocal music in this scene is spirited and dramatic, and the orchestration is admirable. The quintetts, "All is well, and all is settled," and "He would fain his bride be wooing," are skilfully constructed and bring the act to a conclusion. Act 3 is the brightest of the four acts comprised in the opera, and contains a capital scene, in which Lucentio, disguised as a schoolmaster, and Hortensio, disguised as a music-master, make love to their pupil, Bianca. Lucentio, in a melodious aria, teaches Bianca that "Arma virumque cano" means "Dearest, I love thee!" and Hortensio teaches her the gamut, assigning amatory sentiments to each note of the scale. The music has been ingeniously arranged, so that the phrases in which notes are mentioned commence with those notes—a device which leads to some charming modulations. The quartett and chorus, "Hurrah, he comes," sung when Petruchio arrives to claim Katharine as his promised bride, has a lively melody in 6-8 time, but is commonplace. The orchestral music, which accompanies the return of Katharine and Petruchio from church, is exhilarating, and melodious, and the subsequent colloquy between the newly-married pair is thoroughly dramatic in treatment. The finale of the act is weak. Act 4 is short, and contains a tedious scena for Katharine, and a well-written passage, "I am thy wife." The scene in which Petruchio torments Katharine into compliance with his humour is treated in too serious a fashion, and is quite devoid of the comic effects suggested by the dialogue. The finale of this act is bustling and lively, but does not redeem the dulness of the preceding passages. Goetz died two years back, at the early age of 37. Had he lived twenty years longer, we might probably have been indebted to him for valuable additions to the repertory of opera; but he would probably have shone more brightly in serious than in comic opera. In his *Taming of the Shrew* there is little of the comic element; but on the other hand there is an abundance of masterly music. Although the vocal melodies are seldom striking or original, they are invariably elegant and appropriate, and the orchestration is worthy of hearty praise. With judicious compression, and especially with spoken dialogue substituted for "endless melody" the work will become a source of enjoyment to amateurs as well as musicians. The artists above-named exerted themselves loyally and efficiently, and were applauded and recalled on several occasions. Similar compliments were paid to Mr. Karl Meyder and to Herr Harlacher, who originally produced the opera at Mannheim, and who was specially engaged for this occasion.

### NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

#### STUDENTS' FIRST CONCERT.

By permission of the Lord Mayor, and under the direction of the Court of Common Council, a concert was given in the Egyptian Hall, at the Mansion House, last Wednesday afternoon, by the students of the new National Training School for Music at South Kensington. The programme contained between twenty

and thirty vocal and instrumental pieces, and occupied three hours in performance. The results were on the whole satisfactory, especially in reference to the instrumental performances. A juvenile pianist, Master Eugene D'Albert, astonished the audience by his masterly execution of two difficult solos—the Prelude and Fugue in E minor, by Mendelssohn, and Liszt's transcription of an Etude by Paganini. His playing was equally remarkable for power and brilliancy, and he may be pronounced a musical genius. The Liszt solo bristles with difficulties, and these were surmounted by the youthful artist with apparent ease. His octave playing and his left-hand playing were both masterly, and in bravura passages the facility of his execution and the clearness of his articulation excited the admiration of musicians. Mr. Frederic Cliffe also exhibited great ability as a pianist in Thalberg's *Il Don Giovanni* fantasia, and successful efforts were made by Miss Emily Walker, Miss Helen Heale, Miss Adelaide Thomas, Mr. Charles Marshall, and Mr. Herbert Sharpe. One young lady, who shall be nameless, attempted Mendelssohn's Rondo Brillant in B minor with but moderate success, and another young lady, imprudently playing without a copy of the score, gave an incorrect reading of Chopin's pianoforte Scherzo in B flat minor. The only violinist was a very young lady, Miss Lucy Riley, who displayed conspicuous ability in her execution of the Andante and Finale from Mendelssohn's violin Concerto. She played the Andante with genuine expression, sympathetic quality of tone, and faultless intonation, and encountered the difficulties of the Finale with a skill which was astonishing in so juvenile a student.

The vocalists were numerous, but only two of them merited special mention. These were Miss Gertrude Bradwyn and Miss Ellen Shirley. The first-named young lady sang "The Lost Chord" with taste and expression, and Miss Shirley, who has a clear and sympathetic soprano voice of agreeable quality and average power, sang "Deh vieni non tardar" in a style which encouraged hopes of her future success when her vocal studies shall be completed. Some of the other students possessed good voices, but they attempted solos which were beyond their powers of execution, and under such circumstances it will be well to wait for another opportunity of hearing them. The pianoforte accompaniments were efficiently played by MM. Balfour, Cliffe, Hodge, and Marshall, and it is needless to say that Mr. Sullivan's conducting was of the most masterly kind. The audience—especially invited—numbered nearly 900 visitors. Liberal applause was bestowed on the performers, and although the efforts of the vocal students were not uniformly satisfactory, the concert may be pronounced successful.

### M. RIVIERE'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was given last week and repeated last night at Covent Garden, under the direction of M. Rivière. Every care was taken to secure a successful performance of the popular work. Mr. Josiah Pittman's select choir of forty voices was reinforced by Mr. Stedman's choir, making a total of 200 voices, and the principals were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Jenny Pratt, Mr. Percy Blandford, and Mr. Thurley Beale. Without entering into minute particulars, it will be sufficient to say that the work was well executed under the able direction of M. Rivière, and that an encore was gained by Madame Sherrington for her excellent delivery of the "Inflammatus." The attendance was large, and applause was heartily bestowed. To-night the usual miscellaneous concert will be given, and the programme for next week is full of popular attractions. On Monday an English Ballad Concert will be given. On Tuesday, being the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, a grand Military Concert will be given, in which several military bands will take part, and Jullien's "British Navy" quadrilles will be revived with all the original effects. At the Classical Concert, on Wednesday next, Weber's symphony in C and other important works will be included in the programme. Thursday will be an "Irish Festival," and on Friday, being the anniversary of the memorable Balaclava Charge, a grand Military Concert will be given; the bands of several cavalry regiments will assist; Jullien's famous "British Army" quadrille will be performed; and Tennyson's poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," will be recited by Miss Helen Barry. In addition to these special attractions, it must be borne in mind that on every evening a number of well-selected pieces are performed by able artists, and that during the whole of next week, commencing next Monday evening, M. Jules de Zarebski will play on the newly-invented "Double Piano," which has been one of the chief wonders of the Paris Exhibition.

### NEW ROYALTY THEATRE.

On Saturday last the Royalty Theatre was re-opened by Miss Kate Santley, whose patrons flocked to the doors in such numbers that several hundreds were unable to obtain admission. The chief attraction in the programme was Offenbach's comic opera in three acts, *La Folie Parfumeuse*, in which Miss Santley made a success at the Alhambra Theatre, four years back, as the pretty perfumer, Rose Michon. She resumed this rôle on Saturday last, and with greater success than ever—the size of the house being more adapted to her style of acting and singing than the Alhambra. It is needless to recapitulate the plot of *La Folie Parfumeuse*. Whatever the morale of the piece may be, it was provocative of hearty laughter on Saturday last, and the lively music was received with plentiful applause, Miss Santley gaining several encores. She was ably assisted by Mdlles. Roberts, Coveney, and De Rella, as Méricourt, Clorinde, and Justine. Mr. Walter Fisher, as Bavolet, acted and sang with grace and spirit; Mr. F. Leslie was an excellent Poirot; and Mr. Groves, as La Cocadière, showed genuine comic humour. The opening piece was *Kerry*, Mr. Boucicault's adaptation of *La Folie fait Peur*. In this Mr. Groves, as the old Irish servant, made a legitimate success, and was aided by Mdlles. Roberts and Marshall, MM. Lin Rayne, Leslie, and Seymour. One of the most enjoyable features in the programme of the evening was the comedietta, *A Happy Pair*. Miss Kate Santley, as Mrs. Honeyton, proved herself qualified to enter the ranks of genteel comedy, and while highly amusing, was always refined and artistic. Mr. Walter Fisher was a capital Mr. Honeyton, and the sparkling little domestic drama was received with signal favour by the large audience.

MR. PHILIP DAY will produce and play in a new comedy by Mr. Burnand at the Theatre Royal, Scarborough, on Monday, October 21.

THE death is announced of Cyrille Dion, the famous American billiard player. Dion was generally recognised both in the profession and out of it as the best general player of the American game in the world.

THE Grand Skating Rink in West-street, Brighton, which since last season has changed hands, having passed from the management of Messrs. Mellison to that of Messrs. Wood and Green, was reopened on Saturday.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effective in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed time ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. each.—[Adv't.]

## THE DRAMA.

## DRAMATIC MATERIAL.

Recent refusals by the Lord Chamberlain to license certain English adaptations of French plays has caused the usual amount of discussion upon the ever-vexed question of what is or is not fit material for dramatic treatment upon the stage. With what is called the Great Unacted Drama, or the Drama of the Closet, I have no desire to deal. Indeed, a drama which is not constructed so as to suit the exigencies of the stage is, in my opinion, no drama at all, and it matters little what subjects are chosen by the writers of closet plays, which are, after all, read merely by the student or the curious. But living stage plays which are represented before the eyes of the world undoubtedly stand in need of some sort of official supervision and censorship as much as do the lower recreations of the people. As it is necessary to have a constituted authority to put down bull-baiting, prize-fighting, cock-fighting, and other similarly undesirable diversions, towards which certain types of society, high and low, have a leaning, so it may candidly be admitted by the most earnest and uncompromising supporters of the modern theatre it is necessary to have some public functionary who can put his veto upon the performance of any play which is likely to have a debasing effect upon the audiences which assemble to witness it. Certainly let us always have a censorship of plays; but let it be a censorship whose judgment upon the works submitted for approval shall always be so consistent, so well based, and so well considered, that the moral sense of the educated play-going community shall coincide with it entirely, intelligently, and undoubtedly. Any less adequate censorship than this must always, to a wide extent, be a mockery and an injustice. Those who have during the past few years studied the attitude of the Lord Chamberlain towards the theatre must agree with me when I say that his official actions have been characterised by the utmost inconsistency. That with all the advantages of scholarly advisers the post of adjudicating upon the morality of plays is a most difficult one, is a fact that cannot be gainsaid. Nor am I prepared to point out how such an office can be rendered infallible in its judgments. I wish only to join my voice with those gentlemen who have protested against the arbitrary suppression of such a serious and moral work as the English version of Emile Augier's *Les Lointaines Pauvres*. Putting aside the spirit of banter which was inevitably raised by Mr. Arthur Matthison's naively egotistic letter to the *Times*, I think those writers who devoutly thanked Heaven for being spared "another immoral French play" upon our stage did so mainly out of mere opposition. It will doubtless be a happy day when we have enough of capable English dramatists to supply pieces which will satisfy the British public as completely as adaptations from Sardou or Meilhac, and Halévy. But I am convinced that we shall never have such dramatists until the hypocritical restriction in regard to choice of dramatic material, by which English play-writers are so hopelessly manacled, shall be removed. In Mr. Clement Scott's admirable letter to Mr. Matthison, he has pointed out in an earnest unflinching manner the fact that such social materials as form the basis of *Les Lointaines Pauvres* are quite as common to London as to Parisian Society, and the English playwright should be as free to deal with them on the stage as his French contemporary. I will not follow Mr. Clement Scott in his vigorous and perfectly logical protest against the refusal of a dramatic license to such plays as *Les Lointaines Pauvres*, I will merely ask where a dramatist is to find his materials if he is not to go to Nature, and to draw Society as it exists round about him? English hypocrisy has ever been the bane of English art. It would have suppressed Hogarth had it been able; but, thank the gods! there was no censorship of painting. It would have restrained Thackeray from describing such a social phase as Becky Sharp's intrigue with the Marquis of Steyne, but there was no censor of novels. Yet the insufferable cant of Society is the reiterated cry, "Give us native original dramatists." Bah!

JOSEPHUS.

## COURT THEATRE.

By continued managerial effort, no small outlay of capital, and the employment of the most accomplished authors and actors that money could procure, the Court Theatre achieved an enviable reputation in the limited first rank of metropolitan comedy houses. Under the management of Miss Marie Litton, this theatre introduced a greater number of new pieces, comic and otherwise, by rising authors, than could be recorded in the "log-book" of any other West-end theatre during the same period, excepting, perhaps, the Gaiety. The memorable *Happy Land* of Gilbert is of itself a sufficient testimony to the energy of the early Court management. When Mr. John Hare entered into the labours of the said management he did so under favourable circumstances. The pioneer work had been done. And it is not surprising that coming from the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and bringing with him some of the most accomplished artists of the Prince of Wales's school, he should, in spite of one or two managerial lapses, find that he has made a handsome profit out of his tenure of the Court Theatre. Taking these facts into consideration, we cannot help thinking that if Mr. John Hare felt bound to give his company a holiday during the summer and autumn months, it is somewhat extraordinary that he should ignore the possibility of his theatre losing its *prestige* during the absence of that company. For although Mr. Hare has undoubtedly worked his theatre up into a very distinguished position, there must be occasional playgoers from the country, who, visiting London in the summer season, will exclaim, "And is this the Court Theatre we have heard so much about?" Such an exclamation would not surprise anybody who has been to see *Marie, the Pearl of Savoy*, or *Memories*, produced at this house under the management of Mr. W. H. Stephens. The first mentioned piece we have already had occasion to animadvert upon. It received general condemnation at the hands of the Press and the public upon the first night of representation, yet it remained in the bill for quite a fortnight appealing to the taste of what class of audience we are at a loss to imagine. The new piece, *Memories*, is afflicted with a different sort of defect from that under which *Marie, the Pearl of Savoy* labours, but it is equally afflicted all the same. We have no doubt but that the author of *Memories* is not altogether to blame if certain portions of his work have failed to elicit the sympathy he probably reckoned upon them receiving. The play, so far as dialogue and characterisation are concerned, is by no means without merit. But it is hopelessly astray in plot and construction. The first act, which is the best in the play, opens somewhat in the same way as the second act of *Dant's Druce*. That is to say, we find in it a girl brought up by a humble bucolic couple, but whose real father is one Sir Jasper Gascoigne, a baronet, who appears upon the scene to claim her. She has a love affair with a gifted rustic, whose acquaintance she is of course obliged to forego when she assumes her place as Miss Gascoigne in the two subsequent acts. These subsequent acts are chiefly occupied in animated, not to say rude and vulgar, colloquies between the heroine and her aristocratic papa. Mr. W. H. Stephens played Sir Jasper, the aristocratic papa, and excepting his make-up, which was very complete, his performance was most indifferent. The piece was produced for the special behoof of Miss Agnes Leonard, who played the heroine. Miss Leonard is a lady of considerable

personal attractions, which, however, are outweighed by her vaulting ambition. If for a time she would be content to essay easy light comedy parts she might possibly play them well, but if she insists on assuming ambitious rôles before she has fairly mastered the elements of her art, she will find her progress in public favour constantly impeded.

## THE SOLDENE TROUPE IN AUSTRALIA.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Chizzola, the manager of the Soldene troupe:—"To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, London, October 17.—Sir,—In the last three issues of your paper you have mentioned facts in connection with the Soldene season in Australia calculated to place me in a false position before your readers, and I feel sure you will not refuse me space in your valuable paper to refute statements which are not correct. I have been for the last three weeks in Italy; had I been in London when your first article appeared I should most certainly have replied to it. You mention that I left some of the company destitute, and without means in Australia. I beg leave to say that this is not true. I engaged my company in London in 1876, the original contract being for six months for the United States, California, and other places; passages to be paid to New York and throughout the United States, but not the return journey. Instead of six months I kept the company together eight months, and closed my season in San Francisco in July, 1877; I then re-engaged the company for a tour in Australia of six months, which was prolonged to ten, during which eighteen months every member of the company received his or her salary every week, and I hold their receipts—not salaries such as they were accustomed to receive in England, but double—the choruses receiving from £4 to £6 each per week. When in Australia, some of the ladies and one of the principal artists left me without any cause and without any notice whatever, which placed me in a very awkward position. Against this I had no redress whatever, as it appears that the law in Australia does not validate an agreement made and signed in the United States. If I had been the heartless and dishonest person you have called me, I should have taken advantage of this and broken up the company, as it was impossible for myself or any other manager to continue paying them such extravagant salaries, as my receipts in the colonies were not in accordance with my expenses; but having too much feeling, and knowing that these people went to Australia in order to save money, I contrived to continue the season, much to my loss, for four months beyond the contracted time, the company being quite aware that they would have to pay their passages home.

The ladies that you mention as having been left destitute in a distant land are three—one of them is married to my late baggage-man, and they received £11 weekly, during 71 weeks; the second is the wife of one of my late chorus men, and they received £9 10s. per week for the same length of time; the third and last received £4 per week also for 71 weeks. The cost of living in the colonies is very cheap, and none of the minor members of the company paid more than £1 per week for their board and lodging, and allowing another pound weekly for their personal expenses, I leave to your good judgment the destitute condition in which it is represented I left them. I am quite sure that the entire company received much more kindness and consideration throughout the entire tour than any other manager would have shown to them. Most of the troupe returned to London on the same steamer as myself, and if any of them chose to remain in Australia I cannot be held accountable for it. My losses during this long season were £3,000, as my books will show, and I did not feel justified in taking upon myself the responsibility of £1,200 more to bring the entire company back to London, nor did they expect it.—Yours very truly, C. A. CHIZZOLA."

Mr. Chizzola has also submitted to our inspection a complete schedule of his receipts and expenses, with a list of the members of his company and the weekly salaries paid to each. As we have Mr. Chizzola's full permission to publish this schedule, we think it only fair to him to do so, for we must in candour admit that it puts the affair in quite a different light from that in which it had previously been presented to us:—

WEEKLY SALARIES.—Miss Soldene, £50; Miss Sara, £30; Miss Stella, £18; Miss Vesey, £12; Miss Slater, £7; Miss Durant, £7; Miss Lefevre, £5; Miss Daniel, £5; Miss Moxon, £5; Miss Barber, £5; Miss Morell, £4; Miss Ferrara, £4; Miss Brooke, £4; Miss Rose, £4; Mrs. Quinton, £6; Mr. Marshall, £18; Mr. Wallace, £15; Mr. Forley, £15; Mr. Van Ghele, £15; Mr. Campbell, £14; Mr. Jarvis, £10; Mr. Quine, £6; Mr. Alberton, £5; Mr. Grundy, £5 10s.; Mr. Quinton, £6; Mr. Mason, £5; Mr. Lawson, £5; Mr. Canklyn, £6; Mr. Anthony, £4. Total, £295 10s. Receipts thirty-three weeks, United States, £33,511 dols.; weekly average, 4,045 78 dols. Expenses thirty-three weeks, United States, £36,529 dols.; weekly average, 4,137 25 dols. Deficit, 3,018 dols. Receipts thirty-eight weeks, Australia and New Zealand, £10,448; weekly average, £511 16s. Expenses, £22,142; weekly average, £582 13s. Deficit, £2,694. The travelling for the entire tour amounted to over £8,000, averaging £112 13s. weekly.

Mr. G. W. Anson appears to have been very successful in Scotland with his production of Boucicault's *Life of an Actress* (a piece, by the way, which is announced to be played shortly at the Crystal Palace and the Surrey Theatres), and in a comic piece called the *Musical Marionettes*. In treating of the former play, however, an esteemed Caledonian contemporary makes the following remarks, which we feel bound to endorse:—"The *Life of an Actress* is full of merit, whether in situation or dialogue. Exception, however, might fairly be taken, even as a matter of taste, if for nothing else, to some of the short 'speeches' where the possibility of bribing the Press is insinuated in pretty plain terms. No doubt the insinuation would be best treated with silent contempt, were it not for the fact that such nasty things, when broadly stated on a stage, are swallowed by the unthinking, and consequently harm is done. The allusions are perfectly unnecessary so far as the piece is concerned, and are therefore quite uncalled for." Are they "gags"?

Mr. Henry Irving's *Richelieu* has been most enthusiastically appreciated at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. And here again we find Miss Maud Brennan's *Julie de Mortemart* highly praised.

Mr. Charles Collette has been giving a series of performances at the "Etablissement," Granville Marina, Ramsgate, during the past week. Besides his well-known *Crypto*, &c., Mr. Collette has appeared as Colonel Berners, in Theyre Smith's *Cut Off with a Shilling*, a part which he played originally at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and also in a German "character sketch" entitled *Hans Pumpernickel's Pedigree*. Mr. Collette has been well supported by Mr. Vyner Robinson and Miss Plowden.

*Jane Seton*, a distinctively Scottish historical piece, seems to have been well received at the Royal Princess's Theatre in Edinburgh. Miss Annie Baldwin sustained the title part, and the *Edinburgh Courant* says of the performance that:—"She was very pleasing in the light conversation in the opening scene, and afterwards in the almost constant demand made upon her tragic vein, while impassioned and impressive, yet maintained a thorough control over herself."

Mr. James Albery has written the Christmas piece for the Alhambra. A new *ballet divertissement* was produced at this

house on Thursday last, taken from *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, the music by Verdi, arranged by M. Bertrand. It was produced too late for us to give a more lengthened notice in our present number.

Mr. J. L. Toole has accepted an original farcical comedy from the pen of Mr. Sydney Grundy, the author of the successful play, *Mammon*.

This (Saturday) evening the *Octoroon* will be produced at the Duke's Theatre, Holborn. Boucicault's *Flying Scud*, which made such a success at this house originally, is also promised for revival.

## ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &amp;c.

BRIGHTON sports on Saturday last, owing to the lovely weather, were a genuine success, despite the fact that the entries were very limited. H. Willett, with 8 yards start, won the Members' 120 yards Handicap, the scratch man, T. Mantell, being only able to get third in the final. After a couple of trial heats, a local, W. Balcombe, with 20 yards landed the Open 220 yards Handicap, J. O. Dicker, of the German G.S., 14 yards, being beaten three-quarters of a yard, and a Brighton A.C. man also took the Open Quarter and Half Mile, W. Baker, 28 yards, taking the former and F. Laws, 60 yards, the latter, both being much too leniently treated. In the Tug of War, Lewes Cliffe V.F.B. were too much for 1st Sussex Artillery, and C. H. Hart, of the Eastbourne Bicycle Club, just landed the Two Miles Bicycle Handicap in 6min 9sec.

Beautiful weather also favoured the cadets of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, who wound up their annual meeting on the last day of the week. The various events were well contested and equally divided. As usual, most interest was vested in the Steeplechase, which fell to T. H. Lyle, the One Mile, won by J. G. Gordon, the Open Race, carried off by Lieut. O'Shaunessy, and the Officers' Hundred, which Captain Banbury secured.

At Moston Park, Manchester, some good sport was shown, but the meeting being only half run through I must leave it over until next week.

C. H. Mason having resigned the long distance challenge cup of the Thames Hare and Hounds, W. Stevenson, W. E. Fuller, R. S. Benson, and Y. A. Bolton ran for it over the usual eight miles course on Saturday afternoon, the first-named landing by 48secs from Fuller; time, 48min 20secs, the other two not finishing.

Things will shortly be busy at the sister universities, as the usual notices that the grounds are open for practice have been issued.

Bicyclists had plenty to do also last Saturday, the Clapham Club holding their first annual meeting at the London Athletic Club Ground, Stamford Bridge, when they successfully decided a lengthy programme.

A Two Miles Handicap for members only was won rather easily by W. T. Oades, who came in first from scratch, beating his brother J. A. by ten yards; time, 6min 55 1-5th secs. Some of the best men in the metropolis ran, or rather rode, in the One Mile Open Handicap, no fewer than nine trial heats having been run off before the final, and this fell to W. T. Thorn, jun., of the London B.C., 35 yards, by a bare yard from G. R. Oxx, Surrey B.C., 70 yards, who in turn was but a foot in advance of E. Runtz, Pickwick, 60 yards; time, 2min 58 1/2 secs, W. Wyndham, of the London B.C., the scratch man, being beaten off.

The Billiard Tournament at the Aquarium resulted on Saturday evening in favour of George Hunt, who won every game he was engaged in. Wilson was second, beaten only once, and then by the winner. D. Richards and Joseph Bennett each won four games, G. Collins and A. Hughes three each, John Bennett one, whilst the veteran Bowles, of Brighton, did not carry off a single game, and it is a great shame that he did not have a fairer start.

Joseph Bennett's splendid play in the latter half of the competition was the feature, and it is not a moral that I don't bring off my fancy tip that both he and Richards will beat Taylor.

On Monday next the winner, George Hunt, takes his benefit at the Mitre Hotel, Palace-road, Westminster, when he is sure to be well patronised, and some good play will repay visitors.

After a deal of finessing, E. T. Jones, of Leeds, and W. Beckwith, of London, came together on Saturday evening at the Cookridge-street Baths, Leeds, the distance being four lengths of the Oriental Baths, equal to 110 yards, for a stake of £25 a-side. As might have been anticipated, Jones was a hot favourite, but on the evening a rumour was prevalent that the Leeds man was wrong, and his cockney supporters freely laid odds on him.

When people's patience had been almost exhausted by a much too lengthy delay, Jones put in an appearance, but still his opponent lagged behind. Coming at last, preliminaries were got through satisfactorily, and then by report of pistol the race was started. The struggle was a most determined one, and after a severe finish, Jones got home first, but only by three-quarters of a yard. Time, 1min. 17secs.

A ladies' competition, over which I am constrained to draw a veil, as their réunions are not for the vulgar eye, took place at the Croydon Baths, on Friday evening, under the management of Miss Humphrey. Upwards of 500 of the fair sex were present. This is a move in the right direction.

At Detroit, the Australians gave the Quebec twenty-two a rare dressing; they got them out for 90, and then owing to a well-played 125 from Bannerman, obtained 319 for nine wickets.

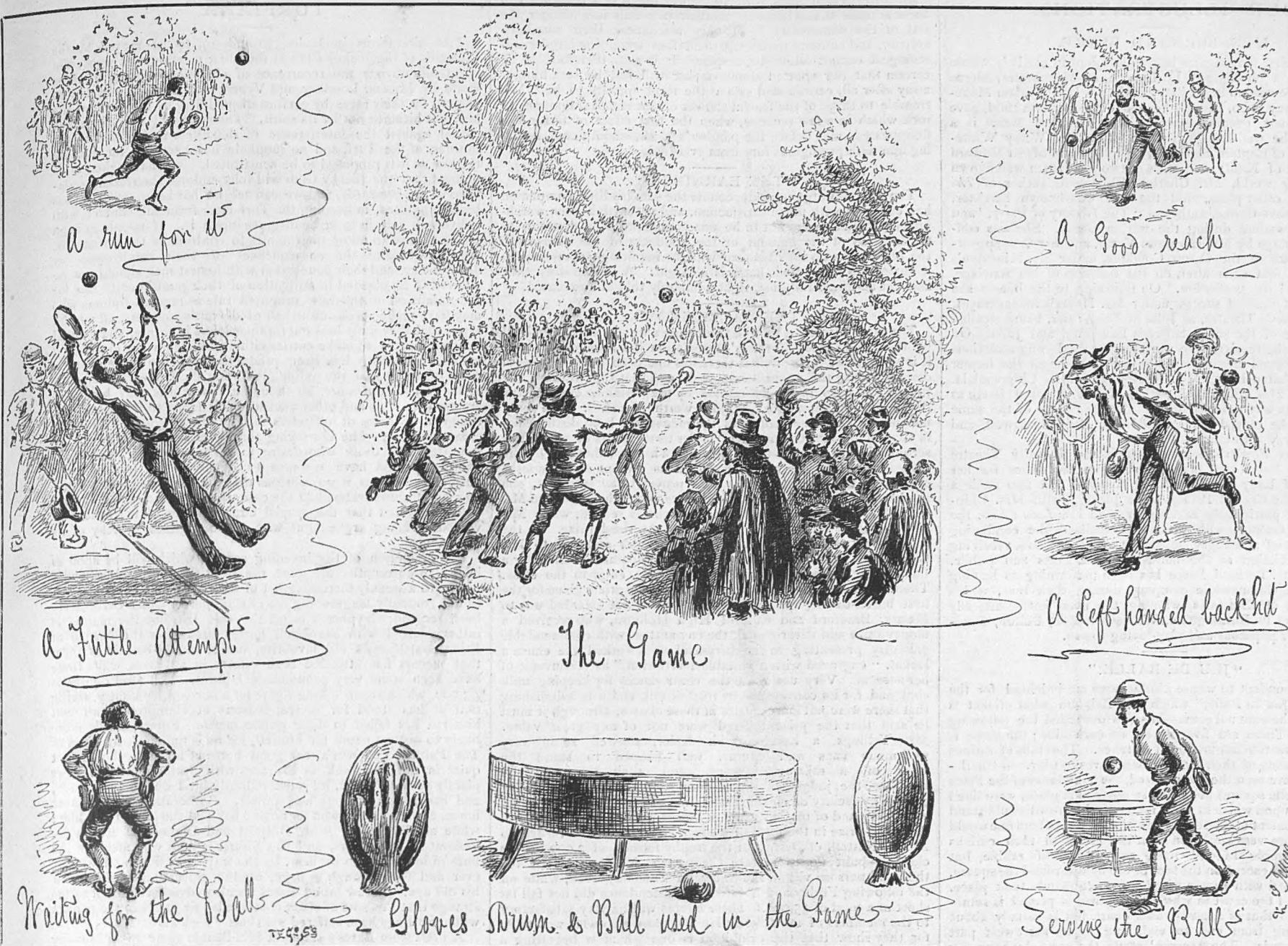
Golf players were busy at Hoylake on Friday, when the Kenward prizes were played for under handicap rules. Dr. Argyle Robertson won the Challenge Gold Medal with a score of 95, and besides this tied for the Grierson Claret Jug and the clubs and balls with Mr. H. Moseley and Mr. H. Charles, and wound up by taking Mr. Cook's prize of ten guineas for the largest aggregate score of the two days, viz. 182.

The fourth annual dinner of the Holborn Cricket Club took place at the Holborn Restaurant, on Tuesday, the 15th instant. Mr. B. Garrod, president, in the chair. About 70 members were present. After the usual loyal toasts, the following prizes were distributed. Batting—1. F. Lavington; 2. A. Jennings; 3. W. Turner; 4. F. Buck; 5. F. Maddick. Bowling—1. W. Rawlinson; 2. J. Caulfield; 3. W. Ball. Fielding—1. H. Tween; 2. J. Jones; 3. J. Mouatt.

On Friday of last week the "Otters" held their annual swimming entertainment at the Marylebone Baths, which, I am happy to say, were well attended. The sport was excellent, and, as usual, the arrangements as nearly perfect as possible. A. P. Stokes won the Plunging Handicap at 48ft 6in, beating W. Byrne-Jones by six inches. G. F. Nixon distinguished himself by landing the Novice Race (98 yards) in 1min 28 1/2 sec. T. De B. Holmes, 14sec (a member of the famed Ilex S.C.), secured the Open Handicap at that distance in 1min 24 1/2 sec. J. R. Cobbett, 17sec (another Ilex man), secured the Ten Lengths Open Handicap. A. H. Bingham, 20sec, was first in the "Hurdle" Handicap. R. H. W. Dunlop, to whose name the appropriate initials of C.B. (Commander of the Bath, I presume) are appended in a contemporary, as might be expected, won the Plate Swimming. Cleaver and Byrne-Jones managed to beat H. Davenport and W. L. O'Malley in the Tug of War, and S. Willis, 7sec, proved the victor in the Two Lengths Clothes' Race.

EXON.





"JEU DE BALLE"—THE "CRICKET" OF BELGIUM.—(From Sketches by a Correspondent.)



BARBEL-FISHING ON THE THAMES.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## MRS. BERNARD BEERE.

One of the first to recognise histrionic talent in the lady whose portrait (from a photograph by Lafosse, of Manchester) adorns our front page was no less a judge than the late William Makepeace Thackeray, who, hearing her recite when quite a child, gave her the warmest encouragement. Mrs. Bernard Beere is a daughter of the well-known Norfolk artist, Mr. Wilby Whitehead; widow of Captain E. C. Dering (eldest son of Sir Edward Dering, Bart., of Kent) and niece of two gentlemen well known in the literary world, Mr. Charles Whitehead, author of *The Cavalier* and other plays, and the late well-known barrister, George Wingrove Cooke, author of "The History of Party," and *Times*' correspondent during the war in China. She was educated for the stage by Mr. Hermann Vezin, and her first appearance took place at the Opera Comique, under Mr. Kingston's management; but soon after, on the occasion of her marriage, she abandoned the profession. On returning to the boards she made her first marked success under Mr. Hayes's management, at the St. James's Theatre, as Julia in *The Rivals*, being recalled in the middle of the scene between Faulkland and Julia. On this occasion she received the warmly-expressed congratulations of her professional friends and the press, amongst the former being Mr. Walter Lacy, Mrs. Keeley, and Mrs. Chippendale. The *Morning Post* said, "The pathos of Mrs. Bernard Beere as Julia found its way to every heart." In the course of the same engagement she played Emilia (*Othello*), Lady Sneerwell, and Grace Harkaway with unabated success.

During Miss Fowler's management of the Royalty Theatre Mrs. Bernard Beere won high praise from the critics for her personation of Lady Mantoville in *Scandal*, and also made a great hit at the Crystal Palace while playing with Mrs. Chippendale, more particularly as Constance in *The Love Chase*, the force and naturalness with which she realised the conflicting emotions of grief and anger, jealousy and indignation, receiving general appreciation at the hands of both Press and public. Since then Mrs. Bernard Beere has been performing as leading lady with the Chippendale company during their tour, which will terminate at Christmas, winning the most enthusiastically awarded praises in Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Bolton, Bradford, and other populous and play-loving towns.

## "JEU DE BALLE."

THE correspondent to whose kindness we are indebted for the sketches of "Jeu de Balle," which is in Belgium what cricket is in England—the national game—has also forwarded the following description:—There are five players on each side; the game is as much an attraction as our cricket matches. The clubs of various towns, &c., sending off their five representatives to play. At Charleroi, where I have seen the game played, the boundaries of the Place Verte (the public square) in which the game took place, were lined with benches, upon which in a few moments the crowd would stand up in the excitement of interest. The sort of people whom one would see as spectators were workmen from the mines in their curious hats. Shop-people in tall hats, and plenty of rabble, but very few women except on the tops of the houses round the square, which were lined with people when any great match took place.

The shape of the court in which this game is played is somewhat similar to that of a lawn-tennis court, but is usually about 100 yards long from end to end, and in its narrowest part about fifteen yards. The "server" starts the game by bouncing the ball upon the drum at the "serving point," and hits the ball—which is about of the same size and hardness as a tennis ball—as strong a blow as he can towards the adversary's court. The further the ball is sent, even beyond the boundary line, the better the stroke. The object of the adversary is to return the ball without allowing it to touch the ground; it is thus sent backwards and forwards until it is missed altogether, when a point is scored to the side which last hit. The hits are made by means of the "Jeu de Balle" gloves, which are thick gloves stitched on to the back of a very strong convex piece of leather, in shape like the shell of a tortoise. Two of the best courts in Belgium are in the public squares at Gosselies and Charleroi. At Namur the narrow part of the court is marked out along a street, the wider parts being in two squares which are situated at each end of this street. This game has its professional players, just like our national game of cricket.

We append a translation of the rules of the game, but must confess that there are several for which we are unable to find equivalents, as in Art. 30 and 31.—Art. 2. The sides shall consist of 5 players. Art. 11. 9 umpires required. Art. 18. The game is played in 2 rubbers of 5 games each. Art. 23. Any ball sent flying or served over the line shall be considered "dead," as well as those sent over the curbstones of the square beyond the bounds. Art. 26. The players forbidden to use a "Jeu de Balle" glove in serving. Art. 27. Any player serving before his turn gives the opposite side 15 points. Art. 49. Any ball impelled by the foot, in flight or at the first bound, gives the opposite side 15 points. Art. 50. Any player who, at the first bound or in flight, shall catch a ball with his two hands joined, with or without, gloves gives 15 to the opposite side.

## DUTCH RACES IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS.

THE Dutch horse races, which took place last week, were got up by Mr. Coster, consul of the Netherlands. They created much interest, the sport being a strange novelty in the way of racing. The Dutch horses have for a long time had the reputation of being very fast trotters over short distances. It would appear from those we have seen that such is the case, but we must add only to a certain extent, and we do not doubt that horses could easily be found in France that would certainly beat them. With the exception of the winner of the races named, Princeps, we have seen none of any note. It is, however, the scene the meeting has provided which above all attracts so much attention. The horses, instead of starting all together, as with us, run in pairs, whatever their number may be. The losers are withdrawn, and the winners are matched again, until only two remain. The winner of the last match is proclaimed the hero of the day. The distance is about 250 mètres, but it depends on the number of the competitors how often the winner has to accomplish this distance. The jockeys are mounted in a sheepskin, wear no spurs, and altogether present a most unusual appearance. The chariot races above all are very curious, on account of the style of the carriages, which are very old-fashioned, and ornamented with paintings.

The exhibition of a sport, unknown to France in this form, took place in the Avenue of Acacias in the Bois de Boulogne. The winning post was erected in front of the Pavillon d'Ermenonville. The arrangements were well made by Mr. Coster, and the portrait of the winner of these races was photographed by Mr. Delton, director of the Horse Photographic Company.

## TO THE RESCUE.

Our handsome but formidable friend the panther has secured the prey. But the agile friends of his victim are on the alert, making the wilds hideous with chattering of rage and terror, as they

vault towards him from rock to rock. For it is a peculiarity of these animals that when one of their race falls into danger the rest of the community fly to his assistance, their numbers, activity, and cunning rendering them foes which the largest and strongest cannot afford to despise. It is not, therefore, at all certain that our spotted dinner-seeker will not be sent hungry away after all, certain and safe as the meal appears to be. We tremble to think of the fearful shower of stones and fragments of rock which in a few seconds, when the first effect of terror has disappeared, may deface the panther's sleek, smooth coat, assailing him with prodigious fury from every side.

## THE EARNINGS.

The poor old organ-grinder counts the sum his little companion has collected with much satisfaction, and yet with a keen watchfulness which appears not to be unaccompanied by a doubt as to the accuracy of the amount, or the goodness of the coins, and the child looks up into his face with an inquiring expression, as if anxious to be assured that it is all right. A simple story this, and yet an interesting one, right admirably told and executed.

## THE DAIRY SHOW.

The most successful of the three shows which have been held by the British Dairy Farmers' Association has been closed, and it is satisfactory to know that there has not been a single case of disease among the animals exhibited, and that the work of the judges has been generally ratified by the opinion even of the defeated competitors for £1,500 worth of prizes. The only instance in which the verdict of the judges has been disturbed is in Class 9 for shorthorn heifers under three years of age. The second prize in this class was given to a heifer exhibited by the Aylesbury Milk Company, described as 2 years and 9 months old, but as this description has been proved to be incorrect, she has been disqualified, and the third prize winner belonging to Mr. Tisdall, of the Holland Park Farm, becomes second, while Mr. Day's "highly commended" heifer gets the third prize. In the competition for cheesemaking the prize was awarded to Mr. Cluett, of Tarpory, for a cheese-making apparatus suitable for a dairy of fifty cows, and this was the only entry in the class. There was little competition, moreover, for the prizes given for the best buttermaking apparatus, and the only prize awarded was to Messrs. Bradford and Co., of High Holborn, who received a money prize and silver medal, the committee, with commendable gallantry, presenting to the dairymaid who worked the churn a locket, "engraved with a suitable inscription," as a souvenir of her success. Very useful are the contrivances for keeping milk cool, and for its conveyance by road or rail, and it is astonishing that there were not more entries in these classes, although it must be said that the prizes offered were not of any great value. Mr. Yellings, a London milk dealer, showed some very well-made cans and churns, well hooped to stand the wear of a railway journey, and took the prize in his class, the judges of which were specially instructed to be guided by facility of cleaning and filling, ventilation, prevention of spilling and of motion while in transit, lightness, and strength. A special prize in the form of a silver cup has been awarded to Mr. T. Nuttall, of Derby, for the trophy formed of 2,000 Stilton cheeses—built up to imitate Cleopatra's Needle. Nearly ten thousand persons visited the Show on Thursday week, while on the following Friday and Saturday the attendance did not fall far short of a total of 35,000. These figures will be very satisfactory to the members of the Association and those who wish well to it, for they show that the exhibition is one which is begetting a lively interest in dairy produce among Londoners; and, what is more, they indicate receipts which will enable the Association to extend its operations another year.

We have therefore to congratulate Mr. Dale, by whom the idea of these shows was originated, upon the great success which has attended the present exhibition. Our artist, while doing justice to the dairy produce, has not been unmindful of the pretty dairy-maid, nor has the four-footed prize winners been overlooked. We subjoin a list of the prize cattle selected by our artist for his sketches:—1. Miss Jacomb's goat and kid. 2. Mr. H. M. B. Tritton's Bolter. 3. Mr. W. H. Wodehouse's cow and offspring, The Countess. 4. Mr. G. Simpson's Luna (Jersey cow). 5. Mr. J. Robertson's Nalia (Kerry cow).

## POITOU AND SPANISH DONKEYS.

OUR artist here represents a pair of huge, big-boned Spanish and Poitou asses, the property of Mr. C. L. Sutherland, whose efforts for the improvement of the breed of donkeys in this country have received the widest recognition. Beside these, by way of contrast, he has placed an English donkey of an average height. Mr. Sutherland's animals have excited considerable attention in the different shows at which they have been present. His object in importing them has been to convince agriculturists of the value of such animals for the production of that valuable and economical animal, the large draft mule, for farm work, riding, or dog-cart work. Two of Mr. Sutherland's imported mules, which were worked on his farm at Coombe, near Croydon, are Brunette, 16.1 hands high, when five years old won the following prizes at agricultural shows during the present year.—Second at the Crystal Palace, 1st at the Croydon Show of the Bath Society, 2nd at Alexandra Park, and 1st at the Taunton Show of the Royal Agricultural Society. Her mate, Beauty, was five years old and 17 hands high.

The whole work of Mr. Sutherland's home farm of 300 acres, of which 90 are arable, is done by mules, which receive a bushel of oats weekly apiece besides clover during summer, and 1½ bushel of oats weekly apiece with two trusses of hay during winter. They are hardy, willing workers, of great power, and good-tempered: they will produce and put in exercise more force per shilling of their daily cost than horses: they are less liable to injury or illness, and they are longer lived. This is "the case" in favour of the mule as compared with the horse for farm work. It has long since been proved and known in other countries, and the powerful mules of Poitou and mules similarly bred in America accordingly command higher prices than are given for horses of corresponding size or for corresponding uses.

At present there are only two or three gentlemen interested in the subject—convinced of the agricultural interests concerned—who are striving to open the eyes of farmers to the superiority of the mule. Of these Mr. Edward Pease, of Darlington, deserves the foremost place. He has long been urgent in this direction. Mr. C. L. Sutherland, of Coombe, near Croydon, whose donkeys are represented in the annexed engraving, has for many years devoted himself to the work of convincing English agriculturists of the advantage with which they might follow the example of the Poitou farmers in the preference of the properly bred mule to the horse. He has imported them, bred them, exhibited them for many years. Familiarly conversant with the district where the largest breed of Poitou mules is cultivated, he is thoroughly acquainted with the whole natural, commercial, and agricultural history of the animal. He has been a writer on the mule, as well as a practical user and breeder of the animal, as well as of Spanish and Poitou asses for many years. In our issue for May 16, 1874, we gave portraits of two Poitou mules, the property of Mr. Sutherland.

\*\* For Barbel-Fishing see page 115, and for description of the Race for the Middle Park Plate and the Winner of the Cesarewitch see our Racing Reports of last week.

## TURFIANA.

THE alterations in Rules 30 and 49, to be moved by the Stewards of the Jockey Club at their first meeting next week, will effectually obviate the recurrence of objections similar to those made by Messrs. Lowther and Vyner, to the running of horses entered for their races by persons disqualified by the letter of the law, but hitherto not by its spirit. The door will now be finally closed against the interference of defaulters and others in the business of the Turf, and no loophole has been left for evading the law as it is proposed to be constituted. We have taken it for granted that the Jockey Club will fully endorse the recommendations of the Stewards, and we can see no hardship, such as has been suggested, in keeping the Turf clear from all contact with individuals certain to bring disgrace upon it. If people in high places choose to allow their names to continue in the forfeit list, they must take the consequences of their carelessness or delinquency, and their connection with honest men should not be allowed to be pleaded in mitigation of their punishment. As for the unfairness of the new proposed rule as regards trainers who may have made entries on behalf of defaulting owners, all we can say is that they must look out for themselves in future, and compel their employers to make entries either in their own or in assumed names. Nothing has been productive of more benefit to the cause of racing than the public gibbetting of offenders periodically in the *Racing Calendar*, for though a few stocks may be found among the crows and other unclean birds nailed to the barn-door, the great majority of offenders are totally unworthy of pity or commiseration. The old saying about Caesar's wife must not be forgotten, and those who desire to carry on racing with clean hands must not have recourse to defaulters to transact their business. Besides, it was obvious that the York objections could be made to hold water, had the case been pressed, and it is only to be regretted that the special circumstances of the case prevented its being argued out with a thoroughness worthy of its importance.

In anticipation of the breeding season, which will be upon us before three months are past, the front-sheet of the calendar sets forth a weekly increasing list of sires for disposal, in addition to the gradually lengthening list of stallions for which berths have been secured. Typhoeus is on the sale list, but the market is rather glutted with Stockwell horses bred after the fashion of Prince Bathyan's old favourite, and it cannot be said of them that success has attended their efforts in all cases, while there have been some very pronounced failures. Pell Mell's price is £3,000, which seems a long figure for a horse of his kidney, seeing that he has stood for several seasons at Hampton Court, and hitherto has failed to draw public mares. Forerunner is more likely to make a name for himself, for he is undoubtedly a son of The Palmer, and was a real good horse at his best, though not quite in the first rank, as his races with Springfield and Kisber plainly proved. Still, he is marvellously bred on his dam's side, and has plenty of bone and power. Botheration is a very neat horse, and we rather wonder no one has had the pluck to try him; while at Shepherd's Bush Outpost and Clanronald are on the lookout for purchasers, and the former is built very much on the lines of his sire, who we hear, by the way, is as fresh and lusty as ever, and likely enough to beget another Speculum or Galopin in his old age. A few brood mares are also advertised, and it seems strange that this sort of stock commands fair prices in the market while yearlings have suffered a serious "backwardation."

A draft from Bates's stable at Middleham came up on Monday for sale at Tattersall's, but they only made a moderate show, and Mr. Jardine and his confederate are well out of such encumbrances to their racing stud. It is the best policy to make a clean sweep of all the rubbish at this season of the year, and not to keep a lot of duffers eating their heads off during the winter, in the rare hope of their turning over a new leaf in the spring.

Thursday's card at Newmarket presented rather a meagre aspect, except only the Champion Stakes, in which Lord Falmouth was first and second with Jannette and Silvio, thus making amends for the latter's defeat by Springfield last year, while we must record our admiration of his lordship's policy in giving the public the treat of an open trial between his pair of St. Leger winners. The result proved the mare to be the better horse, and the race was further interesting in showing that short cuts are not the *forte* of Verneuil, though he did manage to beat Silvio fair and square as a two-year-old. Now he could not even beat Kaleidoscope, who only finished a bad third to the Falmouth pair, while Glengarry was but a poor substitute for last year's "champion," and it would have been better if Lord Calthorpe had kept Petrarch in the stable with his Ascot honours still thick upon him, instead of damaging his reputation as a stud horse. Jannette was quite fresh enough subsequently to dispose of Clementine in the Newmarket Oaks, and we hope to see her enrolled the winner of a Cup next year, as she is clearly ahead of Silvio, and if the three-year-olds of 1878 are moderate what must be said of their "predecessors in office"? As to the rest of the racing, Alcazar found his way across the Flat in front of such good company as Advance and Winchilsea, and it was refreshing to see a race go to Danebury, one of whose staunchest patrons in the Hastings days threw in for a good stake with his colt by Knight of Kars out of Crytheia, Archer donning the Beaufort hoops, and winning with such extreme ease that Robert Peck had to keep nodding for his possession until the handsome total of 1,150 guineas was reached: and the presiding genius of Russley proved himself not only a plucky buyer but a clever seller, for Reefer, after beating Paramatta and Co. in a Sweepstakes passed into Lord Dupplin's possession for 460 guineas, not a low price all things considered. Brighia won the Autumn Handicap for Mr. Alexander, beating a hot favourite in Twine the Plaiden, in front of which at last were Monachus and Aventurier, and the winner is clearly a smart filly when she is in the vein. Helyvellyn won the Selling Nursery for Lord Hartington, and he is by Snowstorm (a steeple-chaser of Mr. Chaplin's, now standing to get hunters at Blankney), while his dam is old England's Beauty, a relic of the original Blenckiron stud, now in her twenty-eighth year, and distinguished in stud annals as mother of The Rake, who carried off the first Middle Park Plate. In the Breby Stakes, Bowness had nothing better than Wifey to beat, but she was too long about her business to be dubbed a flyer; and then the Oaks brought the day's sport to a conclusion.

We made, as usual, an early start on Friday with the Prendergast, for which Lord Falmouth elected to be represented by both Leap Year and Charibert, and after a very pretty race the former beat the Champagne winner by a neck, thus clearly establishing Leap Year's claim to rank second to Wheel of Fortune in his lordship's team. Simba seems to have a knack of running fourth, but the French pair were a long way the last, though this form may be bettered on some future occasion. Now that Mr. Blenckiron has disposed of his stud all the two-year-olds bred at Middle Park seem to be making way, for La Rose beat Restore and Deutchmeister in a Sweepstakes, and Carnethy was returned head of the poll in a Juvenile Handicap, the runners-up for which were Devotee and Nightingale, the former of which made a dead-heat of it with the young Victorious. The betting on Her Majesty's Plate clearly foreshadowed the result, and it was evident there was a screw loose with Verneuil, as the Champion Stakes showed, and it seemed a pity to run the Ascot hero when

dead out of sorts. However, the French stable seem always ready for a "cut in," and as Hampton has long laboured under the suspicion of unsoundness, it was perhaps thought he might give way over the long course, but he held his own gallantly to the end, and settled Verneuil handsomely, Winchelsea running a most indifferent third, and the nakedness of the Cesarewitch land being shown in the wretched performance of Jester, who is but a selling plater after all, and quite out of place in such good company as Cup horses. Lollypop and Trappist seem like the man and woman in the rustic barometer, sometimes one out and sometimes the other; but in the First Great Challenge Stakes it was evidently the former's "day out," for he soon had the favourite in trouble, and the latter had eventually to sing small to both Placida and Peace, who attended Lollypop home, the rest being widely scattered, and it is plain that Phoenix has had enough of it lately. A Third Welter fell to Countess Murray, who started at the healthy odds of 6 to 1, and she cleverly disposed of Somrus and Bondsman, while the favourite, Ambergis, could only get fourth, and the Hermits were dead out of luck during the day. Dunkenny landed a sweepstakes for Mr. Gretton, the only race won during the meeting by that gentleman, whose long string came from Kingsclere on a fruitless errand, and we can only wish their owner better luck during the Houghton Meeting. It was a fine touch between Thurius and Inval for the Newmarket Derby, the latter having a 7lb. pull in the weights, and being in better condition than Prince Soltykoff's colt; but the latter, on his favourite course, ran gamely enough, Hydromel and Glengarry being followers of the pair at a humble distance, and the latter may be accounted lucky indeed to have won the Prince of Wales Stakes at Ascot. Taking the meeting as a whole, it must be pronounced successful enough, almost all the "cracks" taking part in the various contests, and the daily programmes being disfigured by few walks over or races rendered void. Both old-fashioned and new-fangled encounters were well patronised, and results were generally in favour of the best horses engaged, save and except in the Cesarewitch, in which the light-weighted duffers had things all their own way.

If the Middle Park sale was a success, that at the Glasgow Stud Farm must be put down as something quite out of the common, and we believe we are correct in stating that the result of a competent valuation a week or two previous to the 15th ult., was about half the amount actually realised by the various lots under the hammer. In point of quantity of purchases Mr. Alexander must be placed first, while as regards quality Mr. Craufurd heads the list of buyers; and for both combined the palm must be awarded to Mr. Chaplin, whose collection of mares at Blankney must now number nearly two score, and their owner displayed sound judgment in taking home half a dozen of the choicest mares as consorts for Hermit, who will be well suited by these lengthy, roomy, bony matrons, from among which came Peter's dam, and we hear that both she and Sefton's dam are booked to the Newminster's chestnut next season. Mr. Alexander's selected were not nearly such a "sorly" lot; and though Lord Rosebery got a cheap'mare in the daughter of Barbatus, we thought the dam of Rifle anything but a bargain, what with her club foot and general lack of quality. The Bonehill Stud secured a couple of useful ones at low prices; and Mr. Waring's choice of Punishment and Sister to Stratford was judgmatically made, while he will take no harm by Aunt Sofer, though Newminster mares are not so eagerly snapped up as in the days when no collection was considered complete without them, and ere the stud book had told its tale of the many failing when the one succeeded. Sefton's dam, a deep short-legged mare, and very fresh looking, was decidedly the pick of the basket; but Lady Masham is only a commoner after all, and nothing but Peter would have redeemed her from ranking in the middle class. Flurry looked monstrously dear to be placed in the boat with the dam of a Derby winner *in esse* and *in posse*, and Adelaide was none too cheap at 900, nor Patchwork at 630 guineas. The majority of the stallions marched up the hill only to march down again, and it is not often we see a Two Thousand winner and such a redoubtable Derby and St. Leger second as General Peel going begging at 170 guineas, nor a genuine stayer like Musket creeping up to 520 by painfully slow degrees. First Flight looked light, corky, and handsome as ever, and Cleveland showed right well in the ring, and he is well worth trying with something better than the "h.b." sisterhood. The foals were not a very grand lot, far and away the best-looking being a Knight of the Garter colt out of Anonyma, and we thought the Speculum colt sadly too dear, though Alec Taylor is naturally fond of the breed, and it has been noticed again and again that saplings begotten by the pride of Moorlands fail to show up so grandly in the sale ring as many of their compeers. Mr. Alexander will have his quiver full of yearlings next season, if he retains all his purchases, but there were many round the ring desirous of taking away a memento of the Glasgow Stud who never got in a bid edgeways, and those who came on bargains intent took nothing for their pains except a luncheon ticket and a hearty welcome. Mr. Taylor Sharpe had set his heart upon one of the Young Melbourne mares, but he had to content himself with taking home a couple of foals instead, one a real nice colt by Pero Gomez, Mr. Alexander and Prince Soltykoff being purchasers of two others by the same sire, and a very shapely trio they were, and a credit to the Bonehill sire. The twenty-eight brood mares averaged 440 guineas, a very high figure indeed, all things considered, and though the foals did not reach 200 guineas apiece, they must be reckoned as well sold, the only falling off being among the stallions, but at present we seem rather overdone with blood sires in this country, and very little occupation is, unfortunately, found for the stamp of animals offered on Tuesday—horses just one cut below the orthodox progenitor of racing stock, and one cut above the ordinary tribe of country stallions.

At the Newmarket Houghton Meeting next week the Criterion Stakes will be Monday's *piece de resistance*, and a farther insight into the two-year-old form will be given should Lancastrian, Ruperra, Rayon d'Or, and Massena meet in the race, and as the first-named may not be cherry ripe, we may give *Rayon d'Or* the shade of a preference over Mr. Milner's colt. The Home-bred Post Produce Stakes is at the mercy of Lord Falmouth, either with Charibert or Leap Year; while in a similar race on Wednesday the winner is not so easily found, *George Albert* being perhaps the best of a moderate lot. The Cheveley Stakes reads well for *Squeaker* or *Ultima*, the former for choice; and all we can pick out as likely to face the starter in the Dewhurst Plate are Gunnersbury, Peace, Discord, Wheel of Fortune (or Leap Year), Claudius, Ghazi, Scapegrace, Ruperra, Rayon d'Or, and Sans Pareil, and of these *Wheel of Fortune* is so much the best on paper that it seems only a question for the rest of them which will be second, and we fully expect to see Scapegrace make a better fight of it than he did in the Middle Park Plate, and he and Rayon d'Or may attend Lord Falmouth's flying filly home. In the Troy Stakes we see nothing likely to lower the colours of *Lansdown*, who seems to have come back to his Spring form, *Squeaker* and *Devotee* being next best, while *Wheel of Fortune* has only to show for Thursday's Home-bred Stakes to frighten away a very weak opposition. The Houghton Stakes is a new race, and as the Rowley Mile course takes a deal of doing, we shall expect to see *Ruperra* show his heels to *Strathern*, *Discord*, *Muley Edris*, *Ultima*, *High and Mity*, and *Sword Knot*, unless some great unknown should drop from the clouds. The Glasgow

Stakes is "real jam" for *Rayon d'Or*, and with Trappist apparently out of form, and Petrarch only half trained, *Ecossais* may be trusted to settle Redwing in the All-aged Stakes, Bretby Stakes Course.

Without the advantage of eleventh hour information, we can do no more than shadow forth our ideas on the Cambridgeshire, betting upon which race has naturally assumed larger proportions than the sister handicap decided at the Second October Meeting. That Macbeth is a genuine candidate we are bound to believe, for no mere phantom favourite could have kept his place so firmly, and Joseph Dawson should know exactly of what kind of stuff his champion is made. We discard him, therefore, regrettably, and solely for the reason that we prefer to be represented by better-tried public candidates. Greenback has lately come to the fore in market operations, but we question whether he is quite class enough to hold his own in the company he will have to meet, and Blanton has served up more than one fair but false candidate for the race now under consideration. For both Master Kildare and Placida we have a good word to say, considering that the former will run a better horse than he did in the Cesarewitch, while there is no getting away from the form of the Oaks victress at the last meeting at head-quarters. For Start we have no particular fancy, and would rather row in with Jester, who is certain, we think, to beat both her and Roehampton again, though the Cesarewitch winner shall not be our champion on this occasion. For Clocher's chance we entertain a very sincere respect, and he is well-built for climbing the hill, while he stays well enough to justify the support accorded to him, on both sides of the Channel. Thunderstone is too unwieldy and perhaps lacking in stamina as well; while of the Stanton lot it is difficult to divine which will be the selected on the day. Lord Clive's recent form cannot be discounted, and, though heavily weighted, he may be seen carving through his horses like an arrow a quarter of a mile from home; and we shall, therefore, elect to stand or fall by

### LORD CLIVE,

expecting to see Placida and Touchet his attendants home.

### SKYLARK.

## PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

### NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11.

**THE PRENDERGAST STAKES.**—Lord Falmouth's b f Leap Year, by Kingcraft—Wheat-ear, 9st (F. Archer), 1; Lord Falmouth's ch c Charibert, 9st 2lb (J. Osborne), 2; Duke of Hamilton's b c Squeaker, 8st 13lb (Custance), 3, 6 ran.  
**A SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs each with 100 added.—Mr. Masterman's b f La Rose, by Kosicrucian—Miss Winkle, 8st 7lb (Goater), 1; Mr. Davis's ch c Restore, 8st 10lb (Cannon), 2; Capt. Machell's b g Deutchmeister, 8st 10lb (F. Archer), 3, 3 ran.  
**HER MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 300gs.—Lord Ellesmere's b h Hampton, by Lord Clifden—Lady Langden, 6 yrs, 9st 11lb (F. Archer), 1; Count Lagrange's ch c Verneuil, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb (Goater), 2; Duke of Hamilton's b c Winchilsea, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb (Custance), 3, 5 ran.  
**A JUVENILE HANDICAP** of 15 sovs each.—Mr. R. Schofield's bl c Carnethy, by Victorious—Messie, by Autocrat, 8st 3lb (inc 10lb extra) (car 8st 4lb) (F. Archer), + w.o.; Mr. Chaplin's b f Devotee, by Hermit—Kaliypge, 8st 4lb (H. Jeffery), +; Lord Calthorpe's b c Nightingale, 7st 11lb (Watts), 3, 1 ran.  
**THE FIRST GREAT CHALLENGE STAKES.**—Duke of Hamilton's ch h Lollypop, by Souvenir—Sugarstick, 5 yrs, 9st (Custance), 1; Mr. Pultney's br f Placida, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb (H. Jeffery), 2; Mr. C. Alexander's b f Peace, 2 yrs, 6st 1lb (Luke), 3, 7 ran.  
**THE THIRD WELTER HANDICAP.**—Mr. T. Cannon's ch f Countess Murray (late Lady Palmer II.), by Palmer—Lady Murray, 3 yrs, 7st (Gallion), 1; Capt. Lane's ch c Somaus, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb (Morgan), 2; Mr. Davis's b h Pondsman, 5 yrs, 8st 5lb (Lynch), 3, 8 ran.  
**A SWEEPSTAKES.**—Mr. Gretton's ch g Dunkenny, by Julius—Dulciana, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb (£200) (Fordham), 1; Capt. Machell's ch f Echo II., 3 yrs, 7st 11lb (car 7st 12lb (£200)) (Constable), 2; Count Festetic's ch f Nerina, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb (£200) (C. Wood), 3, 9 ran.  
**THE NEWMARKET DERBY.**—Prince Soltykoff's b c Thurio, by Tibthorpe or Cremorne—Verona, 9st 4lb (Cannon), 1; Count Lagrange's b c Inval, 8st 11lb (Goater), 2; Lord Falmouth's b c Hydromel, 8st 11lb (F. Archer), 3, 4 ran.

### CROYDON RACES.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15.

**THE SELLING NURSERY** (handicap).—Mr. Nightingall's b c Prince, by King o' Scots—Inverness, 8st 4lb (Weedon), 1, 11 ran.  
**THE SHIRLEY PLATE.**—Mr. C. Hibbert's br c Cremation, by Victorious—Suttee, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb (Wainwright), 1, 12 ran.  
**THE WOODSIDE PLATE** (handicap).—Mr. Wood's b c M.P., by Mr. Pitt—Patience, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb (Harding), 1, 8 ran.  
**OCOTER HURDLE RACE** (handicap).—Sir W. Throckmorton's b f Annette, by Speaker—Lady Di, 4 yrs, 11st 11lb (J. Adams), 1; Mr. W. Burton's Evening News, aged, 12st 5lb (Barlow), 2; Mr. John Nightingall's Oponopanax, 3 yrs, 10st 4lb (Spencer), 3, 8 ran.  
**THE NORWOOD HANDICAP.**—Mr. Skinner's ch c Lion, by Van Amburgh—Anna, 4 yrs, 7st (Lemaire), 1, 8 ran.  
**THE WELTER HANDICAP.**—Mr. J. Read's b c Berzelius, by Cucumber—Hygeia, 3 yrs, 9st 9lb (F. Archer), 1; Mr. Vyner's br h Ironstone, 6 yrs, 9st 13lb (R. Wyatt), 2; Mr. W. H. Manser's b g Gordon, 5 yrs, 9st 13lb (J. Manser), 3, 4 ran.  
**THE MILLE SELLING PLATE** of 150 sovs.—Mr. Savage's ch f Sweet Pea, by Siderolite—Satin, 3 yrs, 9st (S. Mordan), 1; Mr. W. Burton's b h Bloomfield, 2, 10st 7lb (Barlow), 2; Mr. T. Anstey's br f Vivandière, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb (car 6st 12lb) (A. Hall), 3, 12 ran.  
**THE MAIDEN STAKES.**—Mr. Noel's b c Favo, by Favonius—Adrastia, 8st 12lb (H. Jeffrey), 1; Mr. Scholten's bl c Carnethy, 9st 5lb (inc 7lb extra) (F. Archer), 2; Mr. C. Bush's ch c Bedington, 8st 12lb (Giles), 3, 9 ran.  
**THE CORINTHIAN WELTER HANDICAP.**—Mr. Grain's ch f Plevna, by Lord Clifden—Gemma, 3 yrs, 9st 5lb (F. Archer), 1; Mr. Kruckenberg's ch c Storm, 3 yrs, 10st 3lb (Skelton), 2; Mr. J. Edward's b c Jove—Spec, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb (Constable), 3, 9 ran.  
**OCTOBER STEEPLECHASE.**—Mr. C. Howard's Quibble, by Caractacus, dam's ped, unknown, aged, 11st 7lb (Mr. W. H. Johnstone); 1; Mr. Goodchild's b g Stroller, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb (C. Lawrence), 2; Mr. Garnham's b m Melita, aged, 11st 10lb (J. Marsh), 3, 6 ran.

### NEWCASTLE-ON-Tyne RACES.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15.

**THE TRIAL STAKES.**—Mr. Vyner's b f Aurelia, by Westwick—Affection, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb (car 8st) (W. Platt), 1; Duke of Montrose's b f Miss Martyr, 2 yrs, 6st 2lb (Bell), 2; Mr. J. Chapman's ch g Owtown, aged, 8st 11lb (£100) (Snowden), 3, 14 ran.  
**THE NEWCASTLE NURSERY HANDICAP.**—Mr. H. Gouldsborough's ch f Glenara, by Argyle—Stella, 7st 7lb (Morgan), 1; Mr. T. Lindsay's Badminton, 7st 6lb (Edwards), 2; Mr. W. Stevenson's Lady Matilda, 7st (Bell), 3, 9 ran.  
**THE NORTHUMBERLAND AUTUMN PLATE.**—Mr. R. C. Perkins's b m Umbria, by Camerino—Australia, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb (Fagan), 1; Mr. W. Brown's b g Mars, 6 yrs, 8st 11lb (Snowden), 2; Mr. W. Hudson's b f Mrs. Pond, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb (W. Platt), 3, 7 ran.  
**THE TYNE SELLING STAKES.**—Mr. A. Cooper's br f Lace Shawl, by Cape Flyaway—Nottingham Lace, 2 yrs, 6st 8lb (W. M'Donald), 1; Mr. J. B. Cookson's bl f Lismore, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb (Fagan), 2; Mr. W. Brown's ch f Ariel, 2 yrs, 6st 3lb (Coates), 3, 10 ran.  
**THE MELDON STAKES.**—Mr. J. Trotter's ch c Palmbearer, by Palmer—Schechallion, 8st 4lb (Carlile), 1; Mr. J. B. Cookson's Coromandel II, 9st 2lb (Fagan), 2; Mr. R. Walker's Dresden China, 9st 2lb (Morgan), 3, 4 ran.  
**THE TYNE SELLING PLATE.**—Mr. T. Green's b f Savoie Faire, by Y. Trumpeter—Chic, 8st 10lb (J. Osborne), 1; Mr. A. Cooper's b c by Atherton—Queen Esther, 8st 9lb (Hunt), + Mr. Trotter's b f Alwina, 8st 5lb (W. Platt), 1, 8 ran.  
**THE TOWN WELTER HANDICAP.**—Mr. W. R. Marshall's br h Tiber, by Mariner—British Queen, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb (inc 4lb extra) (J. Osborne), 1; Mr. R. C. Vyner's br m Looking Glass, 5 yrs, 9st 4lb (inc 4lb extra) (Griffith), 2; Mr. Vyner's br c by Knight of the Garter—Ella, 3 yrs, 8st (inc 4lb extra) (W. Platt), 3, 7 ran.

**WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16.**  
**THE GATESHEAD PLATE HANDICAP.**—Mr. W. H. Shaw's br h Telescope, by Speculum—Remembrance, 4 yrs, 9st 9lb (Snowden), 1; Mr. Thorold's b f Arrowroot, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb (Bell), 2; Mr. Vyner's ch f Miriam, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb (Carlile), 3, 7 ran.  
**THE LAMPTON STAKES.**—Mr. Perkin's ch f Glenara, by Argyle—Stella, 9st 1lb (Snowden), 1; Mr. T. Lindsay's b c Badminton, 9st 10lb (Bruckshaw), 2; Mr. J. Trotter's ch c Palmbearer, 9st 4lb (W. Platt), 3, 4 ran.  
**THE GRAND STAND SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.**—Mr. W. Brown's ch f Calabria, by Vulcan, dam by West Australian—Camera Obscura, 8st 11lb (Luke), 1; Mr. Brown's ch f Ariel, 7st 7lb (Howey), 2; Mr. C. Barras's b f by Tibthorpe—Grisette, 8st (Morgan), 3, 7 ran.  
**THE NEWCASTLE AUTUMN HANDICAP.**—Mr. R. C. Vyner's b f The Rowan, by Speculum—Ashling, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb (Collins), 1; Mr. R. Osborne's ch h Omega, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb (Carlisle), 2; Mr. C. Barras's b f Skelgate Maid, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb (Coates), 3, 8 ran.  
**THE WELTER HANDICAP SELLING PLATE.**—Mr. J. Colpitt's b g Little George by Beadsman—Revival, aged, 9st 7lb (Morgan), 1; Mr. R. C. Vyner's b c La Mancha, 3 yrs, 9st 8lb (Griffiths), 2; Mr. A. Cooper's b c Dalgarno, 3 yrs, 10st 10lb (Hunt), 3, 10 ran.  
**THE NORTHERN NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.**—Mr. A. H. T. Newcomen's b f Torchlight, by Speculum—Midnight, 7st 10lb (Collins), 1; Mr. R. C. Vyner's b c Druscochit, 7st (W. Macdonald), 2; Mr. W. Brown's br Black Diamond II, 7st 3lb (Howey), 3, 7 ran.

## CURRAGH OCTOBER MEETING.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15.

**SCURRY STAKES** (handicap).—Mr. W. Dunne's b c Cimarron, by Roman Bee—Tawney, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb (Connor), 1, 8 ran.  
**HER MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100gs.—Lord Drogheda's b c Philammon, by Solon—Satana, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb (Lynch), 1; Mr. J. Doucie's b f Athy, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb (inc 10lb extra) (Broderick), 2, 2 ran.  
**THE NATIONAL PRODUCE STAKES.**—Mr. G. Knox's b c Whist, by Solon—Beauty, 8st 11lb (Mr. H. Beasley), 1; Mr. G. Knox's ch f Mrs. Bagot, 8st 7lb (Lynch), 2; Mr. J. Lee's b f Marchioness, 8st 7lb (T. Broderick), 3, 6 ran.  
**SELLING RACE.**—Mr. C. J. Blake's ch f Granuile, by Exchequer—Feud, 2 yrs, 6st (Whelan), 1, 5 ran.  
**THE CURRAGH INTERNATIONAL HURDLE RACE** (handicap).—Mr. C. J. Blake's ch m Waterwitch, by Lothario—Lady of the Lake, aged, 10st 3lb (Mr. T. Beasley), 1; Mr. G. L. Bryan's ch c Tyrconnell, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb (M. Connolly), 2; Major Murray's b c Botanist, 4 yrs, 10st (Mr. Lee Barber), 3, 10 ran.

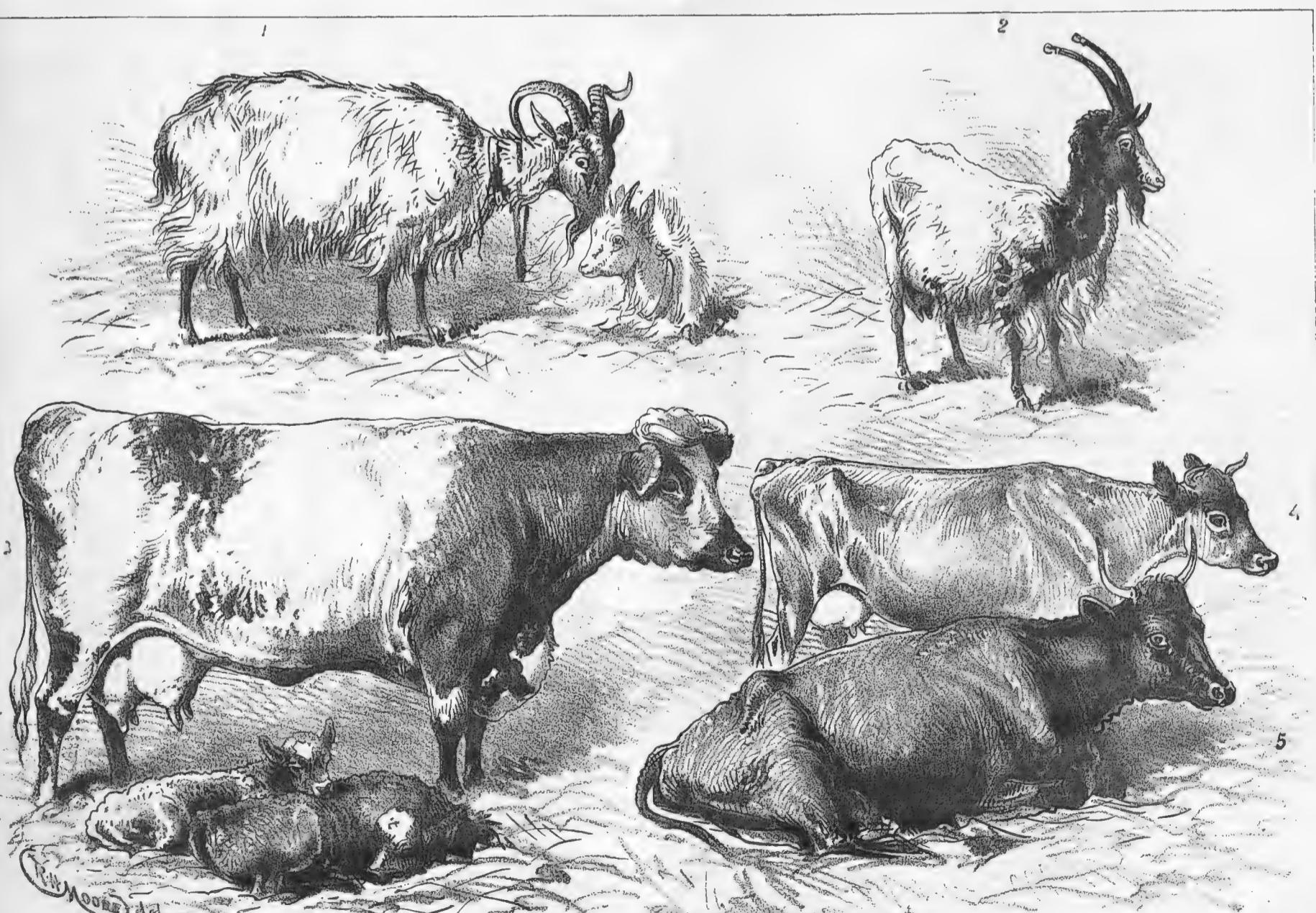
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16.

**A SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs each, with 100 added.—Mr. W. Dunne's b c Soulouque, by Roman Bee—Tawney, 9st 10lb (J. Connolly), 1; Mr. W. Lynch's br f The Squaw, 8st 7lb (Owner), 2; Mr. Ennis's ch f Blanche, 8st 4lb (car 8st 5lb) (T. Broderick), 3, 5 ran.  
**THE CURRAGH CESAREWITCH** (handicap).—Lord Drogheda's br f Miriam, by Crown Prince—Rachel, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb (car 6st 13lb) (J. McDonald), 1; Mr. J. Doucie's b f Venice, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb (Kenny), 2; Mr. C. J. Blake's ch m Waterwitch, a, 7st 2lb (W. Lynch), 3, 8 ran.  
**THE ROYAL WHIP**, with 100gs added.—Mr. E. W. Nunns's b f Matilda, by Solon—Venus, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb (J. Connolly), 1; Mr. J. P. Doucie's ch m Queen of Kildare, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb (J. Doucie), 2; Mr. C. J. Blake's b f Gay Lady, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb (J. Dunne), 3, 3 ran.  
**TRAINERS' STAKES** (handicap).—Mr. Moffat's b f Flight, by Outcast—Vinaigrette, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (W. Lynch), x; Capt. Archdale's b f La Fiancée, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb (Miley), 2; Mr. J. Ingooe's ch m Green Erin, 5 yrs, 7st 6lb (car 7st 7lb) (Owner), 3, 10 ran.

**BERESFORD STAKES.**—Mr. G. Knox's ch f Mrs. Bagot, by Solon—Claret Cup, 8st 7lb (Lynch), 1; Capt. Beresford's b c by Ventnor—Georgiana, 8st 10lb (Miley), 2; Mr. R. Wyse's b f Miss Bessie, 8st 7lb (car 8st 8lb) (Gowin), 3, 4 ran.  
**THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17.**  
**MATCH.**—Mr. J. French's Shinglass, by Strackinger—Lady Linbury, 8st 10lb (Morley), 1; Whist, 2, 2 ran.  
**THE NURSERY HANDICAP.**—Captain Beresford's c by Ventnor—Georgiana, 7st 6lb (Miley), 1; Socrates, 2; New Broom,



SKETCHES FROM THE DAIRY SHOW AT ISLINGTON.



PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE DAIRY SHOW AT ISLINGTON.

## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

I WONDER how often the figures registering the number of nights passed by *Our Boys* will continue to be altered before the announcement of "positively the last night" appears on the hoardings? The 1200th night has been and gone. It seems years since the first night went off with a sort of "Well, is it a success or not?" "It may run a month or so," and so on. I dropped into the Vaudeville two or three evenings past to see whether they were *really* playing *Our Boys* or not. They were, but it was not the same performance I remember, "Ah, how many years ago"; how could it be? Scarcely one in the cast was the same as of yore. Like Wordsworth's little girl, who persisted in the face of everything that "we are seven," Mr. David McKay might explain to enquiries made of him at the seat of customs:—"Though James and Thorne are away on the Continent, it is still *Our Boys*; though Mr. Farren has been beaten at last and forced to fly from the perpetual reiteration of Sir Geoffrey Champneys' poker-back commonplaces, still it is *Our Boys*." I remember in one of the gentle Essays of Elia, a schoolmaster, who after toiling all the term with the tiresome little numskulls who would not learn anything, looks forward with longing to the approaching vacation. When the place will be quiet, when he can ramble away from dusty school properties and the odour of boys into green fields and soft enticing woodlands, just then a letter informs him that one of the gawky, useless boarders, who seems to have no one to care for him, will remain at the schoolhouse during the holidays!



This fairly breaks him down, for, as Lamb says, "he was sick o' perpetual Boy!" I wonder how many people are sick of perpetual *Our Boys*? A good many, I'll be bound. Still I fancy more suffer from the appearance of the everlasting bills and photographs on the outside of the little theatre than from the performances. I would advise anyone who has been taken with a feeling of annoyance on passing the placards to do as I did under similar circumstances, that is, go in and see the performance. If he cannot amuse himself with the old piece and the new faces on the stage, he can at least, without the slightest effort, entertain himself with the unbounded delight of the surrounding audience who have never before witnessed the fortunes and misfortunes of the various members of the Champneys and Middlewick families. Apart from this, however, the acting is worth some attention. Of course every one is not a new face, trust the women for that! Two ladies have with admirable fortitude fought a way through the hundreds upon hundreds of nights. Female endurance is a marvellous thing. Miss Kate Bishop, for one, goes on the even tenor of her ways, and calmly snubs the buttermen just as though he had not suggested calling her "VOilet" any night these three years. Miss Sophie Larkins, too, shows the dear old susceptible heart of "Miss Clarissa" with as much freshness as she did on the first. But Sir Geoffrey is different, he has lost his curly hair, and wears his sparse white locks brushed well forward; he has also mounted a moustache, and looks more horsey than when in the keeping of Mr. Farren. I must say I think if this Sir Geoffrey of Mr. Flockton had been the original, it would have proved individually more popular. The young men of the piece have kept on changing



about to such an extent that I could not venture to say who played the parts of Talbot and Charles when I last saw it. The most important alteration has been the appearance of Mr. Righton as Perkyn Middlewick. It used to be the habit of Mr. David James when he wanted a quiet month's holiday to slip away, leaving some young person about the establishment to take care of Perkyn; but now Mr. Righton plays the part, and plays it well—I fancy his spring before leaving the room after hurling his "ultapomatum" at his son is, if anything, more vigorous than Mr. James's. When a quiet parson friend of mine was up in



Statue of Mrs. Swanton  
to be placed in the vestibule of  
The Strand Theatre

town some years ago I brought him to see *Our Boys*, as he lives in the wilds of Cornwall, and does not visit London very often; you may imagine his delight. I had a letter from him not long ago, saying (amongst other apparent longings after the fleshpots of London), "Should that comedy of *Our Boys* ever be reproduced, let me know, and I will endeavour to come to London and see it once again." I wrote him that it was still running, and that it had been doing so ever since he saw it years ago. This was quite ingenuous on my part, and now I receive a letter of a chilling tone, suggesting that, apart from the wickedness of telling lies, I might refrain from foisting my paltry jokes on an old friend. I cannot manage to send him a file of a daily paper for the past three years to convince him, so I suppose I have made a sad and everlasting gash in our friendship.

The "Strand Company" has returned from its wanderings. The little Temple which covers the fortunes of the numerous members of the Swanborough family, and the amusement of a very hearty section of the playgoing public, once more enjoys its own again. The house has been redecorated to some extent, and looks bright and cheery. I propose that, as they have already in the front of the theatre a bust of the Prince of Wales, which passes occasionally for "Ted," and occasionally for Arthur, they ought to add to the gallery an allegorical statue of Mrs. Swanborough. *Our Club* seems to take up its quarters with great freshness, and is greeted at every turn-point with much boisterous mirth on the part of the audience. *Nemesis* I was greatly disappointed with, mainly, I fancy, because I was very fond of it originally. It looks as though the mounting and most of the acting were of a cheaper class than of old. True Mr. Harry Cox and M. Marius are as good, if not better than ever, in their



Mr. Harry Cox has got a new  
hat in *Nemesis*.

original parts—but why put a pretty woman into the part rendered so amusing by the charmingly ugly "make up" of Miss Sally Turner? And above all *why*, oh *WHY* give the part of Calino to M. Loredan? I wonder whose brilliant idea that was? It would have been much more acceptable to any who had seen Terry in the part to have had the prompter call on the business than to have their memorie of that capital performance harassed by the inadequacy of the new comer. I am not blaming M. Loredan; I don't suppose it is his fault—he is utterly unsuited to the part, and must feel, I am sure, that no amount of sweetness in voice will make up for the absence of humour in such a song as "I love you, yes, I love you." The troops of brightly-dressed "extras" are not so pretty as they used to be, or is it that the beauty of Miss Violette Cameron absorbs the eye and throws them into shade? The Strand Theatre can now boast two of the prettiest and most fascinating young actresses on the London stage—Miss Violette Cameron and Miss Lottie Venn.

In our issue of last Saturday the following particulars were accidentally omitted from our report of the concert at All Saints Hatcham, which took place on the 7th instant:—Signor Rubin elicited considerable applause for his rendering of "Non è ver" and a ballad of his own composition, "She is not fair to outward view"; and Madame Poole and Mr. Edward Wharton were both faultless in their respective selections; but the gem of the evening was Arthur Sullivan's "Lost Chord," exquisitely sung by Mrs. Lansdell Sims, R.A.M., a lady whose name is unfamiliar to us, but who bids fair to take a prominent place among concert-room contraltos; Mrs. Weeks and Miss Hallpike helped to complete a most enjoyable programme, which succeeded in raising £20 for the Abercane Colliery Fund.

## REVIEWS.

*The Fatal Inheritance: and Other Stories.* By Mrs. S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER, author of "Sir Hubert's Marriage," &c. London: A. H. Moxon.

MRS. TOWNSHEND MAYER has collected in a single volume, which forms one of "Moxon's Popular Novel" series, a number of short tales contributed to various periodicals. Of these, "The Fatal Inheritance" is the longest and the most important. It is a weird and tragic tale, but the leading idea required more space for its development, and we cannot but regret that Mrs. Townshend Mayer did not work so promising a plot into a three volume novel; in that form it would have made a most effective story. The same remark would apply to one or two others of the stories here collected. As short tales, however, they are very good, and there is not one of them which is not interesting and readable. Mrs. Townshend Mayer has a graceful and fluent style, and displays considerable ingenuity in the conception of her plots.

*Old and New London.* Vol. VI. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, London, Paris, and New York.

THE last volume of this valuable and deeply-interesting work deals with the southern suburbs of the metropolis, and contains an excellent index. We are reminded that the Romans partially embanked the south side of the river, that the old Danes fortified the district now known as Southwark, and built there a church dedicated to their grand old saint, Olaf the King, and that, after the Conquest, it, with the rest of Surrey, passed into the hands of William, Earl of Warrenne. Southwark was a distinct corporation, governed by its own bailiff, between A.D. 1053 and 1327, when Edward the Third made a grant of it to the City of London. But it recovered its independence, and retained it until Edward VI. sold it to the City for £650. The story of Southwark grows pathetic when we read of the naughty "Winchester birds," and the wretched outcast and persecuted single woman's unconsecrated graveyard in the midst of the low dens affording a refuge to bankrupts, fraudulent debtors, thieves, wandering minstrels, swindlers, and poor players residing by the Bishop of Winchester's stately palace and pleasant park and grounds, amongst them being the famous ale wives, who brewed where now brew Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, the greatest and most famous brewers in the world. The site of Shakspeare's old Globe Theatre is now covered by a portion of their premises. On classic Bankside the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" preached. On the Bankside poor Oliver Goldsmith tried in vain to earn his living as a doctor before he became a schoolmaster in Peckham; when wearing a shabby black suit, while attending his patients, he ingeniously contrived to conceal a patch on the breast of his coat by holding before it his three-cornered hat. When that threadbare suit would no longer bear mending and brushing, poor Goldy contrived to become the proud possessor of a second-hand suit of green and gold, in which he astonished the good folks of the Borough, although he found it difficult to hide his want of a clean shirt underneath it, for his laundress had at last denied him credit. Another of the curious things herein noted as belonging to the Bankside is the fact that as of old Southwark was noted for its workers in glass, so it is still, and has had for more than a century the Falcon Glass Works—so named after the old Falcon Tavern, in the Clink Liberty, at which Shakspeare and his mates daily made merry after the afternoon play at the Globe close by was over. This volume, too, describes the old Shakspearian theatres, the pleasure gardens, the cock, bull, and bear-baitings, dog-fightings, &c., on the old Bankside all vividly given, and a long array of curious facts enlighten us as to the general character and past history of a locality which is amongst the most interesting in and about London. Southwark Fair is another subject which the readers of "Old and New London" will find fully dealt with, and it is not forgotten that there Cibber, Quin, Macklin, and other famous old actors figured on its platforms and in its booths. The back attic of a house in Lant-street, Borough, was one of the temporary homes of the late Charles Dickens, and he afterwards humorously described it in *Pickwick* as the abode of Mr. Bob Sawyer. The felon's refuge, Southwark's Alsatia, the Mint, furnishes some stories as wildly romantic as if they belonged to the heart of some uncivilized and lawless nation. Here poor Nat Lee, the dramatist, found refuge from his duns; here died the hapless poet laureate, Nahum Tate; here the hunted Royalist sought safety from the Roundhead troops and spies; here Jack Sheppard defied the laws; here Old Middleditch, the last of the old surgeon barbers, died. The King's Bench Prison, with its little world of amusing and pathetic, comical and tragic suggestions, duly falls into its allotted place, and with pen and pencil is vividly realised, as it long was, from the time when Prince Hal was sent to it by honest and fearless Judge Gascoine to the days when poor Haydon painted his "Mock Election" within its walls, a picture which George IV. afterwards purchased for £500. In Southwark Eliza Cook first opened her eyes upon this world's light, and in Southwark, we need hardly add, Father Chaucer's jolly pilgrims met at the Tabard Inn. But we must pause, although we have faintly indicated the huge mass of interesting facts and associations which, simply and tersely enumerated, go to make up the concluding volume of a work which will worthily hand down the fame of our worthy and enterprising publishing firm through many generations of readers all the wide world through. We should be glad to hear that similar records of great cities throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, as complete, as faithful, and as nobly illustrated, were to follow in its wake.

*A Voyage in the Sunbeam.* By Mrs. BRASSEY. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

WE have read no book of travel for a long while which has pleased us so much as this. It does not carry us into unfamiliar scenes, nor add much to our geographical knowledge, but it is written in such a simple, unaffected style, the impressions of the writer are so fresh and sparkling, and the circumstances under which the voyage was made were so unique, that one feels after perusing it as if one had been one of the voyagers. Never before has the world been circumnavigated under such delightful conditions as those which Mr. and Mrs. Brassey were fortunately able to secure for themselves. With a fine, roomy, luxuriously-fitted yacht—with their whole family, four children, including a baby, and the full complement of domestic servants, with a few intimate friends, with a well-appointed crew, in fine with everything necessary for comfort and enjoyment—Mr. and Mrs. Brassey had certainly a right to expect what the Americans call "a good time," and they had a "good time." Indeed it would be difficult to conceive of anything more enjoyable than their experiences. We will quote two passages from Mrs. Brassey's diary to show how pleasantly the days passed:—

"Our little party got on extremely well together, though a week ago they were strangers to each other. We are all so busy that we do not see much of one another, except at meals, and then we have plenty to talk about. Captain Lecky imparts to us some of his valuable information about scientific navigation and the law of storms, and he and Tom (Mr. Brassey) and

Captain Brown work hard at these subjects. Mr. Freer follows in the same path, Mr. Bingham draws and reads, Dr. Potter helps me to teach the children, who, I am happy to say, are as well as possible. I read and write a great deal, and learn Spanish, so that the days are all too short for what we have to do. The servants are settling down well into their places, and the commissariat department does great credit to the cooks and stewards. The maids get on satisfactorily, but are a little nervous on rough nights. We hope not to have any more just at present, for we are now approaching calmer latitudes."

Here is another pretty domestic picture:—

"Sunday, August 13.—Sailing in the tropics is really very delightful! When going to the westward there is almost always at this season of the year a favourable breeze, and the weather is generally either quite fair or moderately so.

Whispered to it westward, westward,  
And with speed it darted forward.

We had service at 11.15 a.m. and again at 5.30 p.m. The choir has considerably improved; one of our new men plays the violin very well, and frequently accompanies the children and the nurse in their songs. On a clear, calm night, beneath a tropical sky, when the members of the little group assemble on deck, and by the light of a lantern sing some of their simple songs, the effect produced is both melodious and picturesque."

The fact that the book has already reached a fourth edition however, renders it unnecessary for us to make further quotations—though it forms an excuse for again noticing one of the most popular books of the season. Those who have not read "The Voyage in the Sunbeam" have failed in discharging one of the duties of fashionable society, but as a consolation for their sense of remissness they may take our assurance that they have a distinct pleasure in store for them. And for the future we are sure that the reading public generally will watch with keen interest the movements of the Sunbeam, in eager anticipation of another as lively and amusing volume as that we have here noticed.

*The Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, from Judy's Point of View, as shown in her Cartoons during the last ten years.*  
London: "Judy" Office, Fleet-street.

THIS is a reply to the challenge recently thrown down by Mr. Punch in his collection of cartoon caricatures of Lord Beaconsfield, in the preface to which we read, "Our contemporary has chosen to show how egregiously he has erred in judgment during the last thirty years by republishing his blunders in a volume. Judy, therefore, may be excused for taking the same means of reminding the world how completely events have justified the wisdom of the course which she has undeviatingly pursued." It is very sad to witness these family quarrels between those who have been associated so long as man and wife, but even in our childhood it was so, and even now we can hear the thump of that baton Mr. Punch yielded with such remorseless capriciousness on the back of Judy's head. But we laughed then and we laugh now, for Judy's cartoons are from a political point of view quite as hard-hitting as were those in the collection of Mr. Punch, and really the one can be hardly regarded as complete without the other. Therefore, to the thousands who have Disraeli by *Punch*, we say get Gladstone by *Judy*.

*The Magazine of Art* for October (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) opens with some soundly practical hints for selecting sketching-ground in Cornwall amongst the wild beauties of the Lizard coast line, illustrated with clever drawings. The first of a series of papers on "Etching in England" is amusing, but for the practical student not promising. Its author having very little space in which to deal with the subject, utilises it in vague wordy flourishes, disposing, nevertheless, of such complicated and subtle elements as thought, individuality, and truth with surprising ease and celerity. About twenty lines in a short column of big type, widely "leaded," suffice to set aside thought, power, individuality, and truth as "ascertained." The commonly-accepted and never-disputed definition of etching is also set forth in pompous language, as if it were something altogether new and unknown, and Turner is named "as almost the first to attempt it" (etching) in this country—a statement we need hardly pause to comment upon. Albert Durer, the great father of etching, is dismissed with six indefinite lines quoted from Ruskin, and the etching clubs of to-day are captiously dealt with and condemned as wanting in earnestness and conscientiousness. The first of another new series of papers on "Painting on Glass" is altogether of a different and better complexion, being usefully simple in style, language, and treatment, direct and plain in detail, and soundly practical. The remainder of the contents are interesting and good, and the illustrations are numerous and excellent, making this month's issue as a whole an admirable one.

*Notes to the Royal Society of Artists' Autumn Exhibition in Birmingham* (No. 1). By GEORGE R. HALLETT. Edinburgh, Birmingham, and London: Thos. Gray & Co.

THIS is the first of a series of handbooks issued by special permission of the Council of the Royal Society of Artists in Birmingham. It contains ninety-five sketches from the more notable of the exhibited works, made by the artists who painted them, associated with brief descriptive and sometimes critical notes from the pen of Mr. George R. Hallett, well printed on good paper, and strongly bound in a stout paper wrapper, for one shilling. Surely the force of cheapness can no farther go. From the same publishers we have also received *The Walker Art-Gallery Notes*, which is another handbook of the same kind, from the pen of Mr. Hallett, with 112 illustrations from the chief works in the Liverpool collection, also drawn by the artists who sent them for exhibition.

*Heroes of Great Britain in Peace and War* (No. 1). Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

A NEW work of great interest and importance, admirably illustrated, printed, and got up. If it is true, as the prospectus asserts, that "there is no country in the world where the deeds of great men are held in higher estimation than in the British Isles," this work must enjoy immense popularity, proposing, as it does, to deal with heroes in every phase of life. At present we can only say that it commences its vast subject with an amount of spirit, energy, and terseness of style and diction which are full of promise. We have received from the same publishers the first of nineteen parts of *The Leopold Shakspeare*, which will give the works of our great national poet in chronological order from the text of Professor Delius, with the addition of the *Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Edward III.*, with an introduction which, although slightly flippant and didactic, is extremely interesting and picturesque, from the pen of Mr. C. J. Furnivall. The work is clearly printed upon good paper and prettily illustrated. We have also received from the same publishers *Familiar Wild Flowers*, which ably sustains its standard of attractiveness and interest.

*Yicks.*—*Judy's Sporting Book*, illustrated by Phiz and other artists. London: "Judy" Office.

CROWDED with some hundreds of sporting pictorial jokes and oddities, and further illustrated with a liberal addition of coloured plates, *Yicks* is a fund of amusement, large in quantity, excellent in quality, and wonderfully cheap.

## FOX-HUNTING IN AMERICA.—A CHASE FOR THE BRUSH.

THERE are particular localities which seem to be enchanting to foxes. For forty years the Allen plantation, just across from Roanoake, opposite my own, has been the favourite resort of red foxes. From Curl's Hill to Gaston the cliffs and bluffs on the Roanoake are literally honeycombed with holes, into which the foxes retreat when too closely pressed by hounds for their comfort. In these dens, too, they raise their young with security, and if left alone for a few years the country would be overrun with them. They are never trapped, or hunted with gun; but the hunter, with practised pack, begins upon them early in September, and by the close of the fall but few are left. I have been their chief enemy for nearly forty years, and have more than once during that period caught every one in that locality. This season I began upon them on the 2nd of September, which I have continued every other morning to the 18th, and with a success rivalling my famous companion some twenty years ago in the same hunting ground, when I caught or put to earth twenty out of twenty-one on as many hunting mornings, the longest race being only ninety minutes. This season I took a servant with axe and spade, and closed every hole I knew, and, as I ran a fox into a new one, would close that the next day. In this way I closed the door upon them, and have fun now until it isn't fun. At this season the red fox cannot be run out of his range, which is in this locality some three miles up and down the Roanoake and about one from it. The first chase was, luckily, after the old male. I had invited D. C. Hardy, Jerry Newsome, and Nat Showers to join in the sport, and right readily did they respond, and brought in recruits of no ordinary promise. Our united forces amounted to some thirty hounds, and nearly all of them could boast of their lineal descent from old Byron, Leader, Rebel, and Pilot. Three sent General W. H. Jackson, of Bekmead, Tennessee, brother and sister representatives. Comet and the peerless Vanity, the full brother and sister to Leader, though eight years old, displayed on this occasion their usual vim and courage. Winder, the full brother of Rebel, but her junior, distinguished himself for speed and dash, a fitting accompaniment of so much beauty. Young Watchman and Red Bird were not behind him in these qualities. I crossed the Roanoake on this occasion long before sunrise in a small canoe, and my pack took water and swam over. The stream here is some half mile wide, but the water being warm the hounds did not hesitate to cross it. I invariably teach my dogs to take water in the summer, and they will do so then at all seasons, regardless of the temperature of the water. Hardy had a horse at the opposite bank ready for me. His dogs were in full cry on a lively trail as I landed. I was just in time; the thing was artistically done, and the recruits went in without jar or confusion. Off they dashed up the Roanoake as in lively, merry, and joyous a mood as ever pack in its opening chase displayed. The huntsmen, too, did not lack the enthusiasm the thundering of a full pack of hounds invariably inspires. For my part, quiet and steadiness was my philosophy, occasioned by being mounted on an old, stiff, and spiritless nag, greatly addicted to falling down when urged beyond the slowest of paces. Two tumbles in half a mile convinced me that her reputation for vaulting was deserved, and for the first time in my life my caution in a red-fox chase overruled my enthusiasm. But the old nag kept me out of the dew, and furnished a conveyance, if not so safe, a little better than foot. The fox kept up under the river hills for some distance at a time, when he would come up and out on the hills as in search of his food. This made the trail really splendid, and one mounted even as I was could witness it as the pack handsomely followed it around in all its tortuousness, bringing it back to the near point of its emerging from under the hills. This movement was repeated several times before the fox reached his cover on Curl's Hill, where closely and quietly at rest he lay, unsuspecting of danger. We were upon him before he was aware of it. He had no time to arrange his toilet or plan his escape. He was surprised, and like all surprises, the result was dismay and confusion. He bolted pell-mell first in one and then in another direction, confronted in every move by a hound, but the undergrowth being dense he finally safely got off, and away he flew like a falling star. The pack soon emerged from the thicket, and in ranting style made pursuit. But the pursuit was too hurried, breaks occurred, and the old red, panic-stricken, took no time to listen to his pursuers. The morning, however, was suited to this condition of things, and in a few minutes the pursuit was renewed, and in earnest too. With the advantage thus obtained the fox turned down the Roanoake much in the line of his trail to the Allan field. This he crossed, turned south, and rounded back west to Curl's Hill. I met the pack on this turn, and, though the slowest of the huntsmen, saw this, the most magnificent press of the chase, alone. Rebel's brother, Winder, was in the lead, Logan and Watchman, Jr. were next the fox, barely out of view. But he stood this press without faltering, and as the cry gradually faded away in the distance there was no diminution of its jig-like character. The fox made for Curl's Hill, but avoided the place of his surprise, and took to earth near the mouth of Stonehouse Creek, so he is left for another day.—T. G. T., of Gaston, North Carolina.—*Forest and Stream*.

THE rod-fishing on the Isla closed on Thursday week, and in consequence of the high and dirty state of the river little was done either on that day or for a few days previous. The season throughout has been regarded by experienced anglers as one of the most unsuccessful known, at least in so far as the taking of salmon is concerned. A good many grilse, however, ranging in weight from 5lbs to about 9lbs, have been killed; but not over half-a-dozen fish, and these not of large size, have been landed during the whole of the rod-fishing season.

THE forty-seventh season of the Sacred Harmonic Society will commence at Exeter Hall on Friday, November 22, when Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* will be performed. The prospectus furnishes a most interesting programme, the opening concert being followed by a performance of Rossini's oratorio, *Moses in Egypt*, which proved so great a success on its production last season, and amongst the other works to be given will be found many which have not been heard for some time, including Handel's *Samson*, Mozart's *Requiem* and *Twelfth Mass*, Beethoven's *Moult of Olives*, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and Costa's *Eli*. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is announced, and Handel's great choral work, *Israel in Egypt*, will close the season. The list of principal vocalists is particularly strong—Mesdames Sherrington, Edith Wynne, Anna Williams, Osgood, Blanche Cole, Fately, and Julia Elton heading the soprano and alto divisions, and Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Edward Lloyd, Cummings, Bernard Lane, Shakspeare, Santley, Henschel, and Lewis Thomas the tenor and bass respectively. The orchestra will, as heretofore, consist of the leading members of the profession, and Sir Michael Costa resumes the position he has so long and ably filled as conductor.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing to an evening contemporary, says:—"Your comments on theatre cloak-room charges remind me that lately, in one of the newest Strand playhouses, a lady friend was coolly informed that her bonnet would be allowed in the stalls on payment of sixpence!"

## A FEMALE JOCKEY.

THE summer of 1870 found me living quietly in the capital of France, looking forward to a long period of repose. I had pleasant rooms on the Avenue d'Antin, and certainly little dreamed that a disastrous war would in a few weeks change the gaiety of Paris into desolation and despair. At that time only two men in all Europe thought of such a thing as war. Those two men were Otto von Bismarck and the Emperor Louis Napoleon. The former once said to a distinguished American (since dead), speaking of his friend and master, Wilhelm: "The d—d old fool wanted to make war on France in 1866, but I wasn't ready then; in 1870 I was, and so I let him go it."

Well, then, strolling one afternoon on the Champs Elysées, I met a Russian gentleman who had crossed the Atlantic with me. I had left him in Liverpool a month before. Our greeting was cordial. He had been three weeks in Paris, and had employed his time so well that he knew every nook and corner of the fascinating city. What was my surprise, then, when, pointing to the huge monument on the Place de l'Etoile, he asked me what it was.

"The Arch of Triumph," I responded.

"No, monsieur," he rejoined, bluntly; "that is not the Arch of Triumph."

"What is it, then?" I asked, with some natural irritation.

"C'est, monsieur, la porte du Paradis" ["It is the gate of Paradise."] He could not have declared more enthusiastically that he rather liked Paris.

Then he asked me if I had ever seen Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." Of course I had seen and admired the picture. Would I like to go to the horse market and see for myself the source of her inspiration? I should like nothing better. So he drove me thither in his coupé, telling me there were several fairs round Paris that day, and that the attendance would be rather thin, as the event proved. At the gate of the paved drive-way he surrendered me to a bright, berry-brown young girl of twenty, wearing a blue woollen frock, buttoned closely to the neck and wrists, and descending to her ankles; in her left hand she held a cowhide. My Muscovite friend strolled off, after promising to reclaim me when the sales were over.

Then the girl opened on me:

"Ah, sir, I know I've got something to suit you exactly. I say nothing of a big Percheron, for you don't look like a farmer or a teamster; but I've got a pair of elegant blacks, with a strain of English blood—beauties; good in single or double harness and under the saddle. My father raised them, and I broke them myself on Mdlle. Isabelle's system, 'Carrots and kindness.'"

"Mademoiselle," said I, "let us understand each other at the outset. I come here as a looker-on, not as a buyer. I shouldn't know what to do with a horse if you gave me one, except to give him away again."

"All right; but let me put you where you won't get your brains kicked out, for steel shoes are flying round here pretty lively sometimes."

Thereupon she took me by the hand and established me on a huge granite horse-block, which commanded a good view of the yard, soon filled with busy dealers and tramping steeds. In a few minutes I saw her coming flying by, hanging to the braided mane of one of those Percheron stallions that are big as elephants and docile as doves. She harnessed him herself to a cart and drove him up and down the artificial hill, constructed to test the powers of draught horses in pulling and holding back. Soon afterwards she pierced the crowd, showing off the paces of her little blacks—two clean-built animals worthy of her praises.

Finally she came and extended her hand to help me off my perch. "Venez, Monsieur. Votre ami, le Prince Russe, vous attend dans son coupé. La main, s'il vous plaît. Maintenant, sautez!" [Come, sir; your friend, the Russian Prince, is waiting for you in his coupé. Your hand, please. Now, jump!] "Good-bye, sir; I've had a good day, sold the Percheron and one of my blacks. Money in my pocket. Come and see us again, and next time bring plenty of money, and buy—buy—buy."

But I didn't come again, for I did not have plenty of money to spend on French horseflesh. I bought it at a cheaper rate at my restaurant, under the name of *ros bif*.—*Turf, Field, and Farm*.

A CORRESPONDENT supplies the following list of fatal fire panics:—In 1774 there was a panic in the Liverpool Theatre Royal, which had only been opened a very short time. A house being on fire in Williamson-square led to the cry of "Fire!" in the theatre, and in the rush to escape from the house one man was trampled to death and many persons injured. The fire in the cathedral at Santiago in 1863, when 2,000 persons perished, shows that the danger of panic does not exclusively belong to theatres. On that occasion the congregation were seized with the wildest panic, and in the great crush the doors got jammed. Another instance is the panic in St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Chapel, Liverpool, on the 23rd of January, 1870, when fifteen persons were trampled to death through a false alarm of fire. The most recent of the theatrical fire panics was that of the Brooklyn Theatre, New York. This occurred on the 6th December, 1876, with the result that 400 persons were either burnt, suffocated, or trampled to death. The latest fire panic in England was at the Bristol Theatre on Boxing Day a few years ago, when many persons were crushed to death in their efforts to escape from the house, which was crowded with people. One of the earliest of the metropolitan disasters of this kind took place at Sadler's Wells, October 14, 1807, when a false alarm of fire resulted in a dreadful panic, and the loss of 18 lives. A calamity of a similar

kind occurred at the Coburg (afterwards the Victoria) Theatre on the 27th December, 1858, when a false alarm caused the death of 16 persons, who were trampled to death. On the 17th February, 1849, in the Glasgow Theatre Royal, 70 persons were crushed to death in a fearful scramble after a false alarm of fire. Manchester has also had its death panic. On the 31st July, 1868, a false alarm of fire caused a general rush to doors and windows, the people showing as great a desire to escape from the building as if the flames were close beside them. The result of this was that 23 persons were killed and many injured.

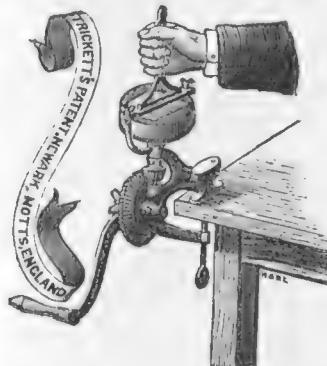
WITH reference to the calamity in a music-hall at Liverpool, F. J. O. writes:—"I read the 'manager. . . shouted to the people to remain seated, assuring them that there was no danger, and that there were ample means for extinguishing any fire that might break out. His words, however, were lost upon the excited crowd.' But an appeal which is futile when made to the ear under such circumstances can readily be made to the eye, and if, instead of the excited language and action of a manager endeavouring in vain to obtain a hearing, and often adding to instead of diminishing the tumult, I would have in readiness one or two large red banners having on them in bold white characters the words 'False Alarm,' and immediately underneath, as a further assurance to the panic-stricken crowd, the words 'No fire.' These four words (more would only confuse), presented in red and white, would strike the eye and gain the attention of the surging mass." This is an excellent suggestion, but the manager who failed to make the panic-stricken people listen to his words might find it no less difficult to induce them to look at his one or two large banners. In a case of this kind all eyes would be directed from the stage to the means of egress, and the silent display of a written word would, we fear, exercise very little influence.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—A special engagement has been effected with Mr. Arthur Sketchley, who has kindly consented to give his inimitable entertainment, "Mrs. Brown at the Play," during the enforced temporary absence of Mr. Corney Grain, who has been ordered complete rest.

Mr. F. C. Burnand and Mr. Alfred Cellier are writing and composing a new comic English opera for the Opera Comique. We regret to learn that Mr. Cellier is likely next year to take up his permanent abode in Paris. We have too few composers with the dramatic ability of the author of the *Sultan of Mocha*.

We are also sorry to learn that Mr. George Conquest has sold the Grecian Theatre. We have no doubt he is well advised in this step. But what will the Grecian be without Conquest? Does he mean to pack up his "traps" and leave the business in which he has for so long reigned sole and *facile princeps*, or may we hope to meet with him further west?

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TO THE RESCUE.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DRAMATIC.

HISTORIC STUDENT.—Thomas Killegrew was born in 1611, was page of honour to Charles I., was exiled during the Commonwealth, and having visited France, Italy, and Spain, returned on the Restoration. He was an odd-looking, witty, and humorous man, with whom the King was on extremely familiar and intimate terms, the author of several plays and the head of His Majesty's player servants and grooms of the bedchamber. In April, 1663, he opened the new theatre in Drury-lane, with a company which included Burt, Cartwright, Clun, Hart, Lacy, and Mohun amongst the men; and amongst the ladies Mrs. Corey, Hughes, and Knip, with Anne and Rebecca Marshal. It is said that he frequently and openly rebuked the King for neglecting the duties of state for the pursuit of pleasure, and one story relates how, when the royal neglect was most serious, he once went to Charles in the habit of a pilgrim, telling him that he was leaving this world for a pilgrimage to hell, being disgusted with everything about him. Charles asking him what he would do there, he boldly replied that he would beg the devil to allow Oliver Cromwell to return to earth, and resume the government his successor had abandoned.

E. M. S.—The Hon. Lewis Wingfield made his *début* on the stage at the New Royalty Theatre as a burlesque actor. He played Minerva in *Ixion; or, the Man at the Wheel*.

H. B. F.—We know, but do not care to name, him. It is only another version of the old story about the fop who, visiting one of the finest relics of ancient art, could only perceive that it was "er very much out of wpair." With regard to him as a "critic" (Heaven save the mark!), if Shakespeare had submitted his noblest work, and had accidentally misspelt a word, on coming to it this owlish being would, with solemn indignation and disgust, have thrown aside the MS. and rebuked the poet for his presumption. He is one of a very unpleasant but common class, whose greatest pride is in being all eyes and ears for defects which a child might detect; although having neither taste nor perception, they are blind and deaf to the beauties and higher qualities of a work of art, acted, written, or painted. His vulgar impertinence ought to be severely rebuked.

ROBERT FARMER.—Playwrights of all times have adapted and dramatised other people's works for the stage. It is no new thing for modern playwrights to do so. All depends upon how they do it. We, however, quite agree with you in thinking that they might more advantageously modify for the modern stage some of our sterling old English dramas. We see no reason why the grand old Elizabethan dramas should, with later works by Congreve, Wycherly, and Farquhar, be altogether banished from our stage. Skilfully altered and modified they would certainly outshine grandly those translated plays which, altered and modified, we now get from the French, and generally through the hands of playwrights of the most clumsy and vulgar character.

JOHN H. E.—Received. We are duly grateful, but having no convenient hoarding upon which we could paste it, we do not quite see in what way the portrait can be "serviceable" to us.

E. G.—1. There were equestrian performances at the Lyceum Theatre in 1844. 2. Mr. J. R. Planché was born in 1796. 3. Mr. Alfred Wigan was born in 1818.

RICHARD SPON.—*Cherry and Fair Star* was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1822.

R. C. D.—Mrs. Edmonds, who died in 1867, was one of Macready's daughters.

ALBERT EDWARD LOYD.—In his farewell address as manager of the Haymarket Theatre (March 14, 1853), Mr. B. Webster stated that he had paid nearly thirty thousand pounds to dramatic authors "if not more." VENUS.—1. Leigh Hunt states in his autobiography that he wrote his *Legend of Florence* in six weeks of delightful absorption. It was declined by the manager for whom it was undertaken, and not produced until long after in the February of 1840, when it made a very decided hit. Planché was present when it was first read to the company, and afterwards lent Hunt all the assistance he could in putting it upon the stage. Miss Tres, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean, played the heroine. The Queen went to see it twice, and afterwards ordered it to be repeated at Windsor Castle. 2. John Kemble sent, per request, free admissions for two to the *Examiner*, on which Leigh Hunt was dramatic critic—the best of his day. Hunt censured Kemble's acting, and Kemble having remarked that after sending such admissions he expected to be handled less severely, the orders were returned with a statement that in future no such favours would be either asked for or excepted. From that time forth it is said Leigh Hunt, when he went to see Kemble, was "one who paid," the cost of his visits being regularly charged to the weekly expenses of the paper.

AN ACTRESS.—In France the term *bouquet* implies a gift, not necessarily of flowers, and hence we suppose little boxes of jewellery or other gratifying toilet accessories may take the place of nosegays amongst your admirers, and yet retain the title they have so long borne.

## MUSICAL.

ORPHEUS.—The story of *Polyeucte*, the latest opera composed by C. Gounod, is founded on the classic French tragedy of that name, written by Corneille. Donizetti had previously treated the same subject in his grand opera *I Martiri* (The Martyrs), which contains the famous duet for soprano and tenor, "Al suon dell' arpe angeliche" ("To the sound of the angels' harps"), sung by the two Christian lovers when about to meet their doom.

PIERRE.—More than half of Shakspeare's plays have been adapted to operatic purposes. We should not advise you to attempt to turn *The Tempest* into an opera, seeing that its musical opportunities have been turned to account by Purcell, Arne, Stevens, and Sullivan, &c., and that a complete opera on the subject was written by Halévy.

B. M. N.—We do not undertake to give opinions on MS. compositions, but if you choose to take the trouble to send us a copy of your song, we will (under the circumstances) reply in this column. We cannot return your MS. unless you send a stamped envelope.

W. GRAY.—Mr. Joseph Maas, the principal tenor of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, is the Mr. Maas who made his *début* in London as Babil in Mr. Boucault's "national" (!) drama, *Babil and Bijou*, at Covent Garden Theatre.

C. PALACE.—Brahms was not a pupil of Robert Schumann, but his *protégé*.

## SPORTING.

K. G. F.—John Paterson was a flourishing farmer in the dale of Dunabbey, nicknamed "the Bishop," and his famous mare was ridden by the celebrated and eccentric Italian jockey, Nardi, nicknamed Beau Nardi, of whom Mr. A. H. Wall gave several amusing stories in one of his *Bye-Bye* articles. "The Bishop's" winnings with this mare—celebrated in song as "John Paterson's Mare"—were enormous. He never suffered her to run more than four courses in the year, and not then if three of the stakes fell short of a certain amount. Anthony Hoole tells hundreds of stories of Beau Nardi and his mischievous mare.

GAZETTEER.—The first sporting paper appeared in 1683. It was called "The Jockey's Intelligencer, or Weekly Advertisement of Horses and Second-hand Coaches to be bought or sold."

"CHICKEN HAZARD."—No. it is not allowable if any of the players digest.

SORTIGA.—We have no record by us which dates so far back as 1802, but will endeavour to find out for you.

Quiz.—The usually accepted average in 5ft 6in, but the real average is, no doubt, much lower, not more than 5ft 5in, if so much.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

G. S.—We are unable to reply.

GEORGE HOLMES.—The reply you last week received was intended for J. M. N., and his reply for you. They were accidentally transposed.

A. LONDON CIT.—Strype, the old historian, lived in what was afterwards called Pettico-lane, the exact spot being long known as Strype-yard, a name which was corrupted at a later date into Tripe-yard.

W. H. R.—The earliest mention of hawkers, or pedlars, belongs to the reign of Edward III.

ARTHUR JAMES.—The allusion is to the custom which prevailed in old Rome of drinking as many glasses to the health of a lady as there were letters in her name.

OZONE.—The first person who suffered for heresy in this country was the parish priest of St. Osithis, London, who was burnt to death as a follower of Wickliffe, under the statute passed in 1401, and on February 26th, 1401.

SAN L.—The invention of the Magic Lantern is attributed to Roger Bacon. M. R.—In "The Life of Lodowick Muggleton," which you will find in the Harleian collection of scarce pamphlets, &c.

J. J. S.—Our weekly contemporary, *The Furniture Gazette*, has for some time past been giving a series of such papers.

SEMETIC L.—In 1802 the Jews of Spa were compelled by law to occupy a certain portion of the town only.

MOSS.—Josephine was then living in her favourite villa of Malmaison, where she soon afterwards died.

COCKNEY.—The canvas is said to be "asleep," in nautical parlance, when the sails have just enough wind to keep them from fluttering.

FIGARO.—The reference is to the following quotation from the will of Peter the Great:—"Contrie that the German Powers shall demand the assistance of Russia, and thus establish a kind of Proctectorate which may prepare the way for future dominion."

H. G. K.—There is no doubt of the fact that the nightmare was anciently regarded as a distinct personal existence.

## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1878.

## THE ART OF HANDICAPPING.

THERE is an old adage, rhythmically rendered, which tells us that,

Who seeks to please all men, each may,  
And not himself offend;  
He may begin his work to-day,  
But God knows when he'll end.

And to no class of men can we apply the above maxim more appropriately than to those who undertake the inviolate position of public handicappers on the Turf. The *robur et as triplex* of which the Roman poet speaks as girding the breasts of those who boldly risk their lives upon a treacherous element, are nothing to the armour which they must put on who voluntarily place themselves in the pillory of public opinion as racing handicappers, liable as they are to missiles from every quarter, from the big stone or stump hurled at their devoted heads by owners of the horses they are called upon to "put together," to the shower of pebbles directed against them by the smaller folk. Handicapping is an art or profession (define it how you will) which everyone considers himself capable of doing better than any one else, and many who would shrink from the command of the Channel Fleet (which is said to have suggested no difficulties to the all-daring mind of the late Earl Russell) are vain enough to imagine themselves adepts in the art of adjusting weights, at least if we may judge from the not unfrequent appearances in print of amateur efforts of this kind. And yet no one has ever claimed to have reduced handicapping to one of the exact sciences, though it seems to be taken for granted that its professors should be infallible, and not as other men, liable to be misled by appearances, now and then mistaken in their reckonings, and on rare occasions suffering themselves to have dust thrown in their eyes by interested parties, who are working towards

the end of making a moral certainty as the result of their intrigues. We have been led to a consideration of the present state of handicapping, to which the above remarks must be considered as preliminary, by one of those periodical outbursts of righteous indignation which from time to time break forth and subside, like the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, causing much flare and smoke, and not unfrequently a burning lava-torrent of heated arguments to be bandied about. There are some men positively unhappy without a grievance, and who delude themselves into the belief of a dead set having been made against them by adjusters of the weights, and to this class may be said to belong the irascible gentry who are in the habit of adopting the "cut-off-your-nose-to-spit-your-face" policy of striking out their horses immediately the weights appear—a withering process which they take care to have duly recorded in columns of the sporting press open to these indignation paragraphs. For our own part we cannot but regard the aspect of affairs as regards handicapping generally as far more satisfactory than it was some ten or fifteen years ago, when the amateur element prevailed in high places to the exclusion of paid professional talent. We should be the last to underrate the great and lasting benefits conferred on the Turf in general, and the handicapping system in particular, by the late Admiral Rous, but we cannot agree with those who lament his loss in this particular department as irretrievable, and are rather inclined to think that the transference of power from the hands of a single individual, who gave his services gratis, to the office of the great Turf factors, bankers, and agents in Burlington-street, has worked well during the time the new régime has prevailed. Entries have been as large, acceptances as satisfactory, and results as close as when Plaucus was consul, and this is all the more gratifying to us, in that we were foremost in advocating the experiment which may be said to have had thus far worked successfully.

Though we would not for a moment advocate the part of universal handicapper being delegated to any one individual or firm, yet it is eminently desirable that minor and local officials who undertake the business of putting horses together should have some recognised standard, above all suspicion, to work upon, not in the sense of servile imitation, but having regard to the general tone of their adjustment of weights. There is frequently great temptation to be over liberal to powerful patrons or neighbouring stables likely to furnish sinews of war to country meetings; and not long since a notorious case of favouritism of this nature was commented upon in terms the reverse of flattering by the sporting press, with the ultimate effect that the reins of management were handed over to others. Differences of opinion must of course exist, and it is only human nature to err in judgment; but we have certainly heard less of late of handicaps being made for certain horses, of conspicuous "blots" in the calculation of weights, and of compilations, satirically, perhaps, termed "flattering," wherein every horse is seemingly leniently treated, until closer analysis shows the advantage to be more apparent than real. Meetings at which such a system has for a long period of time notoriously prevailed have been found to decrease in importance of late years, and we may well believe that with the advent of "sweeter manners, purer laws," the custom of leaving the stake in the handicapper's hands, in recognition of "services rendered," no longer obtains among owners of horses. We think, too, that there are fewer leading sportsmen of the present day who, to use a hackneyed phrase, "make handicaps their study," which pretty surely argues that it is not worth their while to do so, otherwise there are plenty ready to take advantage of facilities for making winning a certainty. In short, the "waiting" game has been found not to pay in these days and consequently there is less roping and pulling and bottling up than "in the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid." Much has been talked and written concerning the handicapping at suburban meetings, and both owners of horses and adjusters of weights have had the opportunity granted to them of stating the pros and cons of the case, and of airing grievances *ad libitum*. Doubtless a good deal is to be urged on both sides of the question, and neither party can be said to have had the best of the argument. But it must not be forgotten that the handicapper's task at meetings of the class to which we have referred is a doubly difficult one, and some allowance must be made for allotments of the weights, looking at the class both of owners and horses with which they have to deal. Every conceivable method of hoodwinking is unscrupulously adopted, and though a few over good-natured sportsmen may be found willing to join in the game, it is mostly among the lower strata of turfites that the handicapper has to work, and very much in the dark, not only as regards the actual racing merits, but also the very identity of the animals he is called upon to handicap. All sorts of tricks and expedients are devised to throw dust in his eyes what wonder then that his duty becomes at times positively bewildering, and that mistakes are of more frequent occurrence than among horses and men of higher caste and better ascertained antecedents? On the whole we may congratulate ourselves that a thoroughly healthy and honest tone pervades a very difficult and intricate department of our racing system, and that we have the right men in the right place to set an example of straightness and squareness to others of their profession. But we must not expect them to be more than mortal, and of handicappers, as of generals, it may be said, that "he is the greatest who makes fewest mistakes."

THOS. CARROLL, 45, a jockey, giving his address at King-street, Manchester, was charged before Mr. De Rutzen with being drunk and behaving in a disorderly manner in Edgware-road, Kilburn, on Thursday week. The defendant was barefooted and miserably attired, his garments being an old flannel shirt with but one sleeve, a mackintosh coat without sleeves, and an old pair of corduroy trousers. In answer to the charge, he said he was very near his end, and would like to go into the infirmary. He was the head of the jockeys, and had ridden in races for noblemen and others in England and France.—Mr. De Rutzen said, as nothing was known of him, he would be discharged; but he had to thank drink for bringing him to his present position.—The defendant, clasping his hands together, asked that Heaven might bless the magistrate.

## BARBEL-FISHING ON THE THAMES.

THE barbel—"than which fish a braver doth not swim," as old Michael Drayton hath it—affords to the angler a species of sport with strong distinctive characteristics. Courageous and wily, capricious and plentiful, it is a fish which is sought for by a certain type of fishermen, and, because of the qualities enumerated, it may be fairly said that *barbus vulgaris* is unique in all its associations. Its season for capture is chiefly from the noontide of summer till November's "sere and yellow leaf," between which limits is a period during which the river is at its brightest and best, the verdant meadows and luxuriant thickets are greenest and most umbrageous, the breezes are of the softest, the clouds of the fleeciest, and the birds of the happiest; a season also when the *genus homo*, impatient of the turmoil and hurry of town, migrates far from the madding crowd to drink in huge draughts of the healthful freshness, "tasting of Flora and the country green."

Like the carp and chub, his near relations, the barbel is a cautious fish, and the ancient eight and nine-pounders are, like old birds, not to be caught by chaff, meaning that they are not so easily duped as the ordinary angler would suppose. There are degrees in the angling brotherhood. I am disposed to place the salmon-fisher in the angling hierarchy below the trout-fisher of clear water, and I am certainly disposed to put the chub-fisher above the perch-captor; similarly the barbel-fisher who knows his business is superior to the jack-fisher, who flogs the water howsoever artistically with his spinning-bait. The motto of the accomplished barbel-angler is *ars est celare artem*, and on this principle does he alone merit success. He belongs to the same school—the Quietest—of fishing as the chub-fisher, and if he with patient skill follow the habits of the fish, humouring, enticing, or waiting, as occasion requires, verily ere long he has his reward. What sort of reward? Listen, uninitiated reader, to Yarrell the Truthful:—"The barbel are so numerous about Shepperton and Walton that 150lb weight has been taken in five hours, and on one occasion 280lb weight of large-sized barbel was taken in one day." This report certainly refers to the halcyon days of yore, but even now half a hundred-weight is not an excessive day's sport, if due preparation and good angling are brought to bear.

The habitat of *barbus vulgaris* is chiefly in deep and sluggish streams at this season of the year. Walton as well says that "with his beards or wattles he is able to take such a hold of weeds and moss that the sharpest stream cannot move him from his position." This statement is, however, as fanciful as it is untrue. The fact is that the powerful and large fins of the barbel are the secret, not the tender non-prehensile "bars," Walton was, however, little of a barbel-fisher, and may be excused so absurd a statement.

This season of the year, if the weather be mild—I don't object to a frost or two—is the period *par excellence* for barbel capture. We will suppose that piscator has resolved to visit his beloved Thames to try his luck once again ere the time arrives when his quarry, perceiving the growing tendency of the water to become chilly, and anticipating the rigours of winter, retires to the deepest depths, where warmth and congenial society, like a submerged Torquay, are to be found. A week or so previous to his intended "day" he writes his fisherman to commence "baiting"—for *barbus vulgaris* requires educating for the "hook." Now, how does the said fisherman proceed? If he knows and understands his customer—that is, feels certain of a sovereign for the day's work, and unstinted beer and 'bacca, and perhaps a "wee dram drappie o' whuskey" at intervals—he first procures the necessary "worrums." These are generally to be got from the Nottingham tackle makers, such as Wells, of Sussex-street, or William Bailey, for these people make a trade of the annelids.

5,000 "worrums" at from 5s. to 7s. 6d. a thousand are not too many for preparing a "swim," but, dear reader, they are not all thrown in at once. Oh no! there is a dodge in baiting which slightly varies according to your fisherman's crotches, but which for my fancy should be as follows. First ascertain precisely where the fish are by floating your boat over the supposed spots when the sun is high, and peering carefully over the side. Having found out this, measure the depth of the swim, and next ascertain how long it will take a worm to sink to any given spot. By a little ingenuity, "better imagined than described," as reporters say, it is easy to compute how high up stream from where the fish are lying it is necessary to throw in your bait. This is a most important point, for I have known a blank day simply because we were fishing—innocent souls—where the fish were not, they having very sensibly emigrated to where the worms had fallen every morning during the preceding week.

Having, however, satisfied himself of the exact spot, etc., what does our fisherman do? Four mornings or so before he expects you, he casts in from two to five pints of *whole* worms. I say *whole* worms advisedly, for an unmitigated annelid will live in water some time, and a dead one is hated of the very soul of a barbel. He baits in the morning, because as soon as the "eyelids of the morning" are opened the voracious and all-devouring eel retires to roost, or repose, under stone or bough, or in soft ooze. This nocturnal fish would have the lion's share of the bait if they be cast in at night. Your fisherman, if he knows his business, therefore always baits in the morning. On each succeeding morning the worms are thrown in higher up by a yard or two until a swim, the lower termination of which is the so-called hole or hover, is the result. The baiting is missed one morning, which is the morning you fish. The utility of this is easy to see. The barbel, young and old, get to watch for their accustomed meal. They fearlessly, finding no deadly "tooles or baytes" brought to bear on them, and nothing but succulent lob-worms alive and wriggling for breakfast, emerge from their home and traverse the swim seeking what they may devour, finding plenty except on the fatal morning. On the fatal morning aforesaid they also find plenty—of hook. A few "worrums" are from time to time thrown in as we fish to keep them in good heart, and sport proceeds right merrily. So much for ground-baiting.

Now for tackle. Old institutions are commonly respectable—the "leger" is so in barbel-fishing (*leger*, dear reader, an Anglo-Saxon term "to keep in one place"). This tackle consists of a good length of strong gut, a large hook attached, and the leger, which commonly is a perforated bullet stayed by a shot about a yard from the hook. Some like a flat leger, believing (and that truly) that it offers less obstruction to the stream, and consequently the chances of feeling the bite are increased. I prefer a flat lead encased in wash-leather, so as to resemble the ground on which it will lie. This style of fishing is a lazy one, however, but it is the general and orthodox style, and is, as the reader will perceive, the method patronised by one of the anglers in the illustration. In the rough water of a weir it is indeed the only style likely to be successful. The angler, after casting the bait, sits patiently till the fish "knocks" it, and consequently twitches the point of the stiff but elastic rod. Then, with instant concentration of energy, he strikes, and if this has been dexterously done *barbus vulgaris* begins the deadly combat—that is, deadly for one. The barbel, of course, succumbs to piscatorial skill, and ere long attains the ultimatum for which all properly constructed barbel sigh—the landing-net.

But there is another and newer, and to me more fascinating,

mode of barbel-fishing, which has been introduced from the Trent, yclept "Nottingham," also indicated in the illustration. A large cork sliding float, very fine gut and line, easy-running reel, and light pliant rod are the mechanical aids to its success, but increased skill is required in its management, and its success ensues contrary to the assertion of the fair Julyana Bemens, who says, "The barbel is an evil sysshe to take, for he is so strongly enarmyd in the mouth that there may no weake harnesse hold him," I hold that "weak harnesse" such as I describe, if managed by a skilful angler, may "holde," not only *barbus vulgaris*, but anything of whatever size that swims the watery plain—the sea-serpent included. But there's the rub. The way "how it's done" is not communicable by words. Hath not the revered Walton himself truly said, "Now for the art of catching fish, that is to say, how to make a man—that was none—be an angler by a book, he that undertakes it shall undertake a harder task than Mr. Hales, a most valiant and excellent fence, who in a printed book called 'A Private School of Defence,' undertook to teach that art or science, and was laughed at for his labour . . . he was laughed at because that art was not to be taught by words but practice, and so must angling?" The Nottingham method of baiting, which consists, as I have described, in making a swim from a hover up-stream is an innovation of undoubted service to all Thames barbel fishermen, for it must be certain that with the vast number of anglers of to-day old swims wear out and barbel get wise enough in their generation to avoid hooks, unless taken off their guard occasionally by some such treatment as detailed above.

It will be seen from the foregoing that "baited" swims are peculiarly valuable. Only the patrician barbel-fisher cares to spend sufficient money for the baiting process, and when he has done so, the swim, after a week's preparation, becomes a spot of consequence owing to the money spent on it. This being the case, how annoying if some insignificant, dirty-faced Jones, Brown or Robinson, from Whitechapel comes down on the night previous to your intended day, and appropriates your swim. This, however, the discourteous cork-cutter or soap-boiler has the power to do, according to a recent decision in a high court of judicature—because, forsooth, the Thames is anybody's. So be it. I will relate an instance of how I foiled a rival fisher, as a hint to those who suffer in the way referred to. It was known that I intended baiting a certain hole, and I was watched and observed to bait; but it was not observed that I also laid a train of "worrums" up-stream for some twenty yards from the well-known barbel hole into quite shallow water. The day came, and, as I expected, my rival was duly fixed before us immediately above the hole I was supposed to have copiously baited. Good. I fixed thirty yards above him. Results at end of day:—Rival's punt contained four, your humble servant's boat had fifty-six fish aboard, weighing over ninety pounds. Now for the solution of the discrepancy. The barbel worked up from the hole as they had been educated to do for a week before, and were rather encouraged so to do by reason of the contiguity of my rival's punt and the continual appearance of his "leger" amongst them. The "hole" was their home, and they well understood the dodges he was practising. Hundreds had done the same before. My light bait, however, skipping and tripping over the stones above was a novelty not to be resisted, and hence our sport. My opponent's bad sport was primarily caused, perhaps, by the swarm rushing back to "cover" as each my fish was hooked and began struggling. Anyhow we had the best of that renconre.

There is another style of barbel fishing which is called "tight-corking," and a variation of this consists in winding the gut nearest the hook round a clay ball containing worms, so that the bait is often taken by mistake. I do not care for either of these styles, and I consider the latter a swindle. However, all devices are fair (within certain limits, to be sure) in love, war, and fishing.

J. H. K.

## SALMON CANNING ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

FEW persons in the Eastern States realise the extent of the salmon-canning industry upon this river. The first cannery was established in 1868 by Mr. Hume, who journeyed from Maine to California, and started a cannery upon the Sacramento River, whence he soon transported his enterprise to the banks of the Columbia, attracted by the superiority both in number and quality of the Oregon fish. He had up-hill work for a time, until his brand of fish became known in the Eastern and English markets, after which the demand rapidly increased, and the business became so profitable that canneries were erected at every eligible point between the mouth of the river and the cascades, 150 miles above. There are now twenty-eight large canneries upon the river, more than two-thirds of which are at Astoria.

The catch of salmon last season reached the large number of 1,250,000 fish, averaging 23lb.; the fish are taken in nets, and upwards of forty miles' length of these nets are set out every fine night. The boats start out about four p.m., and a very pretty sight it is to see 500 to 600 of them starting in a brisk breeze, and beating down towards the bar, about twelve miles below Astoria. The catch greatly varies, the highest number this season being a little over 12,000 on the 29th of May. The prize fish of that great catch weighed 62lb. The fishermen earn an average of 5 dols. a day through the season, the canneries furnishing nets and boats. The canneries are immense wooden buildings, upon piles, with the river flowing under their floors.

On the arrival of the boats in the morning the fish are taken in hand by the cleaners, who are skilled Chinamen, and who polish off a fish and pass it on to the cutting machines in wonderfully quick time. From the cutting machines the pieces are carried indoors to the packers, who fill the cans and pass them on to the cappers, who quickly put tops on them and send them along to the cooking tanks. Before finally closing the cans, each one is carefully tested by an expert, and if the slightest leak is detected, the can is put aside for examination, the leak is found, and the can closed up. The cans are then varnished, labelled, and packed in cases holding four dozen 1-lb. or two dozen 2-lb. cans; the cases are branded, and the fish are ready for shipment. The whole operation of cleaning, canning, and cooking is done by Chinamen, and must be performed with great celerity, particularly when the night's catch has been heavy, as no fish are allowed to remain over to another day. The large canneries have sometimes to go through as many as 3,000 fish, filling 48,000 cans, in one day. The upper floors of the buildings are filled with busy *employés* making cans, nearly 9,000,000 cans being required by the Astoria canneries for their season's work, which lasts about 100 days.

The twenty-eight canneries on the river put up 450,000 cases, containing 11,600,000 pounds of salmon, last season, and expect to do as much this season, though they complain that fish are getting scarcer each year; but if the number of fish passing up the river is diminishing, the nets and fishermen are increasing, and there is real danger that all the salmon that come into the river will be destroyed.

The cost of fish has risen with the demand, and the multiplication of canneries, from ten cents to 50 cents per fish, and the profits are proportionately lessened. The following is, I believe, a correct estimate of the cost of a four-dozen case to the cannery

at this season's prices:—Cans, 48 at 3c., 1.44 dols.; fish, 3½ at 5c., 1.75 dols.; labels, 10c.; cases, 18c.; lead and tin, 12c.; labour and fuel, 80c.; total, 4.39 dols.; worth, at 1.25 dols. per dozen, 5 dols.; leaving but 61c. margin to cover rent, interest, insurance, and repair to buildings, boats, and nets. The canneries in British Columbia and Alaska get their fish for five cents each, and thus save 1.57 dols. per case, a saving which must make the northern rivers formidable competitors to the Columbia in the canning business. It is obvious that the industry here has reached its maximum, and that it cannot be kept up at its present rate without rapidly exhausting the supply of fish.

The Columbia river salmon is a splendid fish, fully equal in flavour to the best Scotch salmon, and superior to the salmon taken in the waters of Maine and Canada.—Chicago Field.

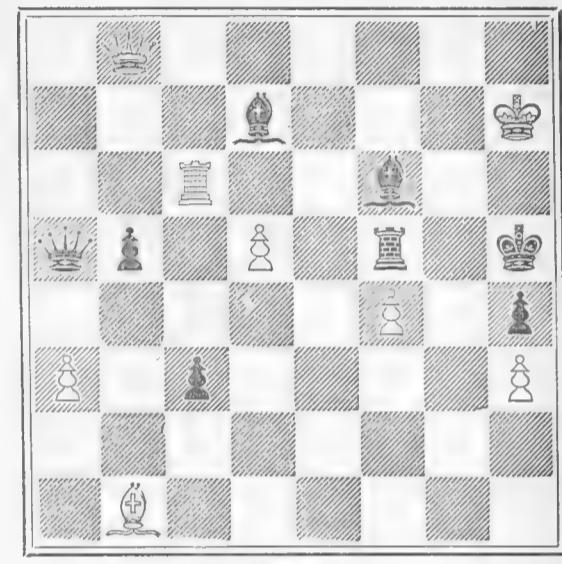
## CHESS.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. MARR.—You cannot move as you propose, R to K 5, as there is a Black Pawn already on that square.  
MINI.—Your variations are quite correct, but the problem is faulty and was accidentally published before it had been thoroughly examined.  
THE PAINTER OF SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—Your solution does not apply to any of the problems we have lately published; please, in future give the number of the problem you refer to.  
G. W.—Thanks for your problem: it is very simple; but, as your first effort, very creditable.

## PROBLEM 207.

By E. A. SCHMITT (Delfshavn).  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN PARIS.

THE following game is one of the few contests unrecorded (by accident), in the admirable collection of Paris Tournament games published in the "Westminster Papers." Mr. Mason merits very high praise for the truly scientific manner in which he conducted the ending herein:—

[Vienna Opening.]

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. Mason)	(Herr Pitschel)	(Mr. Mason)	(Herr Pitschel)
1. P to K 4.	2. P to K 4.	26. P to B 5 (d).	Kt P takes P
2. Kt to Q B 3.	B to H 4 (a).	27. P takes P.	K R to O sq
3. P to K B 4.	P to Q 3.	28. R to Q 3.	Q takes K P
4. Kt to B 3.	Kt to K B 3.	29. P takes P.	Q to B 5
5. B to B 4.	Kt to B 3.	30. R to Q 4.	Q to R 4
6. P to Q 3.	B to K 5.	31. K to R sq.	P to Kt 4
7. Kt to Q R 4.	B to Kt 3 (b).	32. Q to Q 3.	Q to K 4
8. Kt takes B.	R P takes Kt.	33. P to K R 3.	P to K B 4
9. P to B 3.	P to K R 3.	34. Q to Q 2.	R to K sq
10. Castles.	P takes P.	35. P to B 4 (e).	R to K 3
11. Q B takes P.	Kt to R 4.	36. P takes P.	Q takes P (f)
12. Q to Q 2.	Q to K 2.	37. P to Q R 4.	Q to K 4
13. P to Q Kt 4.	K takes B.	38. P to R 5.	R to K sq
14. Q takes Kt.	B takes Kt.	39. P to R 6.	Q to B 4
15. Q takes B.	Kt to K 4.	40. R to Q Kt 4.	K to Kt 3
16. O R to R 5.	P to Kt 3.	41. R to K 7.	R to Q sq
17. Q to Q sq.	K takes B.	42. R takes R.	R takes R
18. P takes Kt.	Castles K R.	43. Q to Q 4.	Q to R 4
19. Q to Q 5.	Q R to Kt sq (c).	44. K to R sq.	Q to Q sq
20. R to B 3.	P to Q B 3.	45. P to R 7.	Q to Q R sq
21. R to Q 2.	K to Kt 2.	46. Q to K 6.	R takes Q
22. Q R to K B sq.	P to B 3.	47. Q to K 8.	Q takes R
23. R to Q sq.	Q R to Q sq.	48. Q takes R.	Q takes Q
24. R to K 3.	P to Kt 4.	49. P to R 8 (queens).	and wins.

(a) Kt to Q B 3 is considered best here, but the move in the text seems equally effective, and is recommended by Mr. Boden and other eminent authorities.

(b) If Kt to Q 5, White would have gained an advantage thus:—

8. Kt takes B.  
9. P takes B.  
10. P takes P, &c.

(c) A poor style: R to R 6 would have been bold and sound.

(d) An excellent move. Black cannot now prevent White from establishing a Pawn at Q 6. Of course, if Black at his 27th move had played P to Q 4, White would have replied with Q to Q 4.

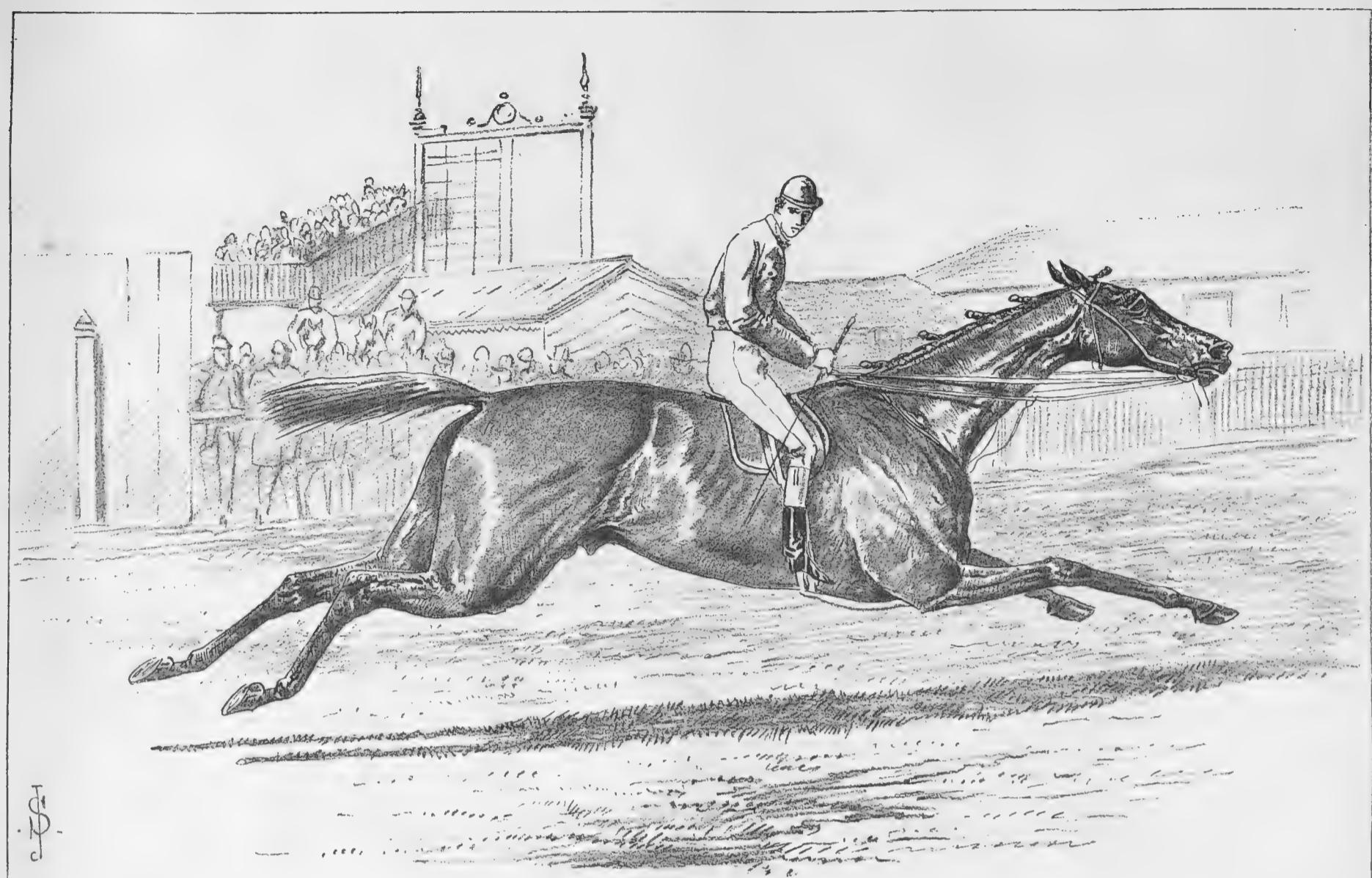
(e) While plays the whole of the end-game with great vigour and accuracy.

(f) He could not take with the P on account of White's threatened stroke, R to Q 5.

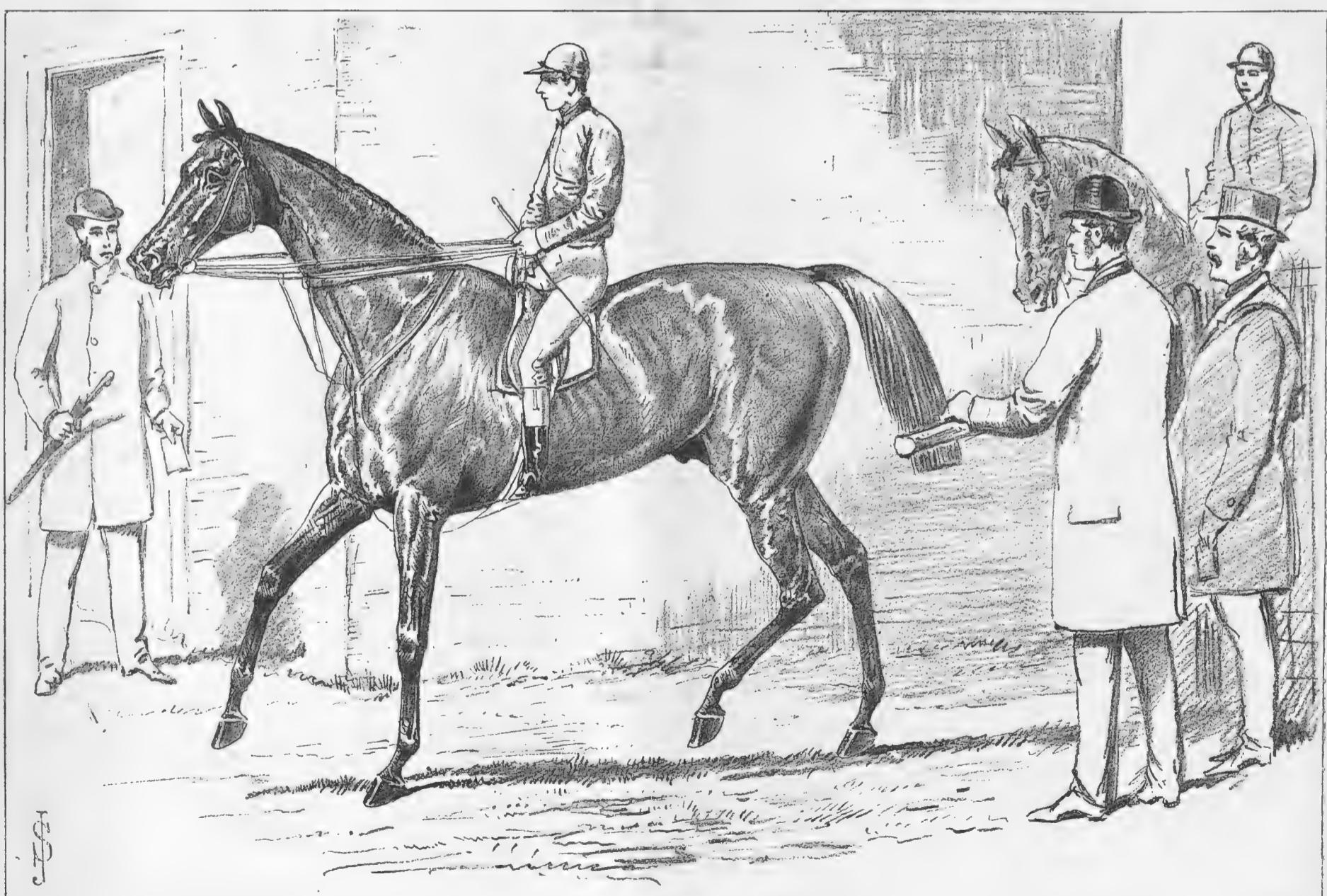
A BRILLIANT gamelet played some years ago between Mr. Morphy and Mr. Perrin:—

[Remove White's Q Kt—Scotch Gambit.]

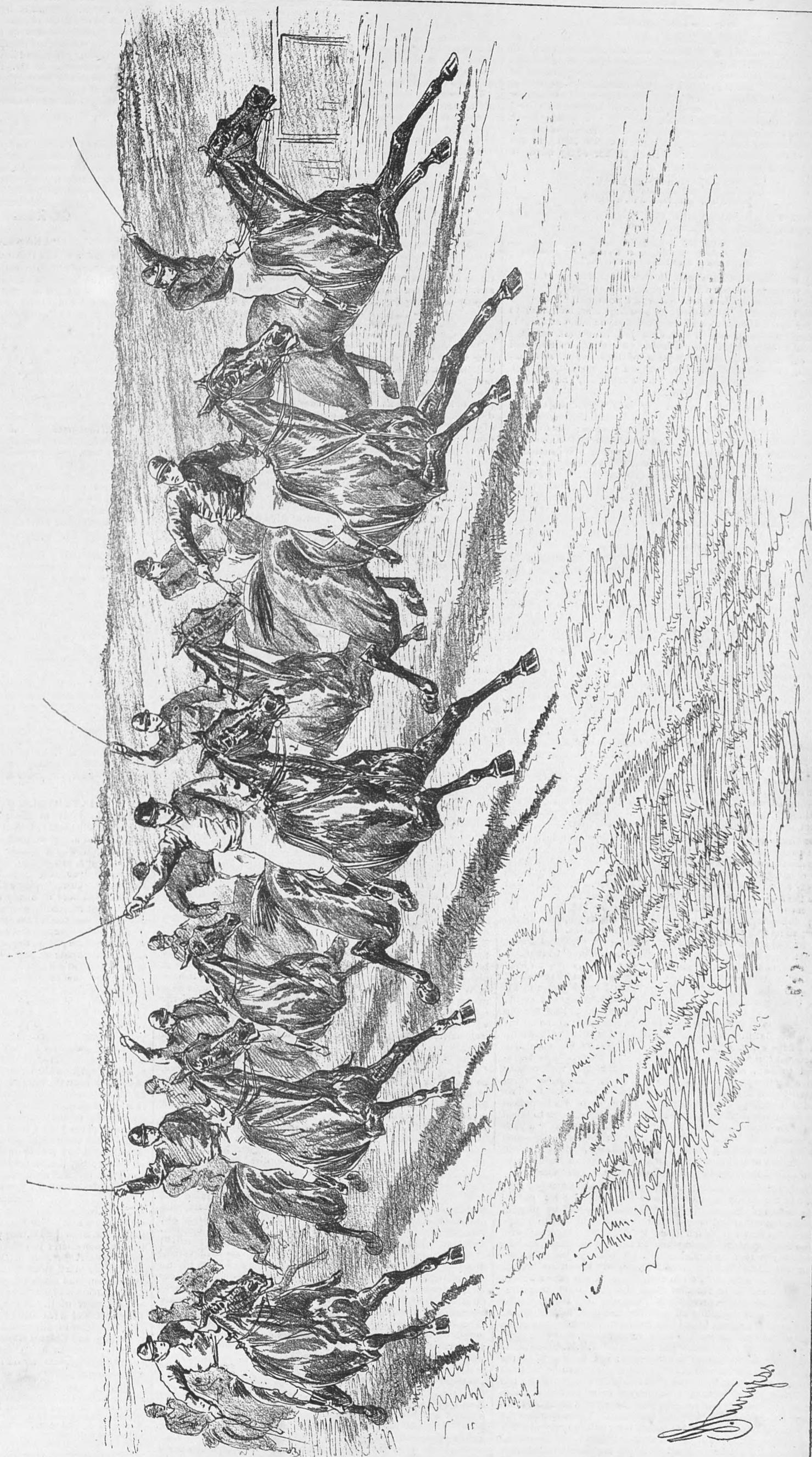
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. Paul Morphy)	(Mr. Perrin)	(Mr. Paul Morphy)	(Mr. Perrin)
1. P to K 4.	P to K 4.	11. R takes P (ch.) (c) K takes B.	Kt takes P (ch.) (c) K takes B.
2. Kt to K B 3.	Kt to Q B 3.	12. P takes P (dis.ch.) K to K sq.	Kt to K 2.
3. P to Q 4.	P takes P.	13. Q to B 3.	Kt to Q sq
4. B to B 4.	B to B		



"JESTER," WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH STAKES, 1878.



"PETER," WINNER OF THE MIDDLE PARK PLATE, 1878.



THE RACE FOR THE MIDDLE PARK PLATE, 1878.

## SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

## No. 1.—THE M.F.H.

SINCE the days of Nimrod—very likely before, if we only had record of it—mankind in all known countries has delighted to hunt. The earliest Greek figures show men sitting so well down on their horses that one cannot doubt the Greek equivalent for “Gone away!” has been yelled by some enthusiastic sportsmen, and the artists intended to represent them as in full swing after something or other. The “curled and spoiled Assyrian bulls”—if any poet of the time ventured so to speak of the golden youth who were scandalised at the proceedings of Semiramis—assuredly had those clumsy looking beards of their blown about in the ardour of the chase; and what was King Arthur doing when he ought to have been looking after—

“—bandit earls and caitiff knights,  
Assassins, and all flyers from the hand  
Of Justice, and whatever loathes a law?”

We know where he was, together with Prince Geraint, who also had pressing calls to his domains. They—

“—listened for the distant hunt,  
And chiefly for the baying of Caval,  
King Arthur’s hound of deepest mouth,”

and Queen Guinevere knew what she was about, and gave Geraint her opinion as to the spot where the pack was most likely to “break covert.” Before the Lord who had sport with old Christopher Sly the tinker thought of his supper, he charged his huntsman to “tender well his hounds” and discussed their qualities at length, and much as Theseus was in love, even just before his marriage he could not forget his hounds, but went hunting and grew enthusiastic in his description of their breed and excellence, telling Hippolyta how they were “crook-kneed and dew lapped, like Thessalian bulls, “Slow in pursuit,” he admitted “but matched in mouth like bells.”

Knowing youths of the present day may hint doubts as to whether Nimrod and his friends would have held their own in a quick twenty minutes over Leicestershire pastures; for to them oxers and posts and rails were of course unknown, and the country could not have been much enclosed. We may as well generously give them the benefit of the doubt, however. Probably they had something in the nature of water-jumping occasionally, and very likely the best of them would get over the Whissendine more than creditably. So the name of the mighty hunter must be revered by all those who love the turf, both the long straight up which gaily clad jockeys finish, and the fields diversified by hedges and ditches over which we show the way when circumstances are favourable and all is going well.

For “since all in Adam first began,” as Matt. Prior sings, a good many must have continued on through Nimrod, and the illustrious grandson of Ham was the archetype of several illustrious personages who live and flourish in the present day. Such a one is the M.F.H., whom we will call the Duke of Wiltshire. Here, however, the attempt to draw exact parallels must cease. That His Grace would have distinguished himself in any position or capacity, every one who has the honour of his acquaintance must feel convinced; and it is easy to suppose that his predecessor would have become equally famous had he been born so many thousands of years later than he was. We may assume that Nimrod would, like his descendant, have been made a K.G., the acknowledged leader of society in the wide district over which his influence extended, and the bestower of a hunt “button,” to receive which would have been at once a recognition of good-fellowship and of skill and courage in the field. Such an one is the Duke. Listened to with respect and attention when he speaks in the Upper House alike upon political or agricultural topics, an authority upon artistic questions, a *caisseur* who adds a special charm to the dinner-table over which he presides with such genial hospitality, His Grace is never so much at home, so thoroughly satisfied with himself and the world in general, as when seated in his saddle listening for the repetition of the note which proclaims that Wanton’s suspicions are correct and that Woldsman heartily agrees with him.

His Grace first came to hunt in the same way that ducks first came to swim or swallows to fly—by the promptings of nature; and as an inborn knowledge aids the efforts of those bipeds to make their own way in the world, so did it enable the Duke to make his way across country by the aid of his pony. His sires had done the same before him, as pictures from the hands of many painters of various periods give evidence on the walls of his hall; and with, at times, remarkable success, as trophies of the chase, abnormally huge or curiously coloured masks, a splendid dog-fox and a ferocious wolf which have found their last homes in plate glass cases, together with other emblems of triumphant woodcraft, abundantly testify. In those early days his contemporaries protest—and grow very angry with you if you don’t believe it—that the hounds knew the brave boy who, clad in his little green, gold-laced coat, sat his pony so firmly and easily, and, by some mysterious instinct, recognised in him the embryo M.F.H. who would cheer on their descendants to so many victories. But these eulogists take no account of long mornings on the flags when, seated with dangling legs on his chair, and armed with a miniature hunting-crip, the hounds were introduced to him, and he was taught to appreciate their points; with a success now to be traced in the brilliant pack which represent their handsome and accomplished parents. The late Lord Fitzhardinge cared nothing for the looks of his hounds if they could hunt, and complained that “huntsmen forgot to breed hounds for their noses” declaring that he only wanted “a pack that would kill foxes.” But the aesthetic side of the question was never lost sight of in the Wiltshire kennels, and while not forgetting to breed hounds for their noses, the authorities have taken care that external good qualities were not overlooked.

Time passed on. The bright little pony had been exchanged for a cob, and the cob in turn for a horse—you may see his picture there over the fireplace in the billiard-room—and by degrees careful observation had taught the diligent student how to handle hounds, the best way to aid them in difficulties, together with the no less important lesson when to leave them alone to help themselves by their own intelligence. It will be generally conceded the ideal M.F.H. should thoroughly know his hounds and be able to hunt them on an emergency, for we have all heard what happened in the Handley Cross Hunt when the committee of management which preceded Mr. Jorrocks had discharged the faithful Peter for “stealing off with the hounds” before all the members of the august little body had been duly informed of the circumstance that the fox had been viewed away, and were quite ready to start off after him. The dignity of M.F.H. is extremely tempting for many reasons to many men; but it is only in the eyes of the Master himself that this dignity seems to be retained when he is sitting on his horse at the side of a covert which has been drawn blank, without a suggestion to make as to future proceedings, or a reason to give why he should or should not accept the advice proffered by his huntsman. These sketches are by no means personal portraits, albeit faint outlines may at times be taken from life; and it is necessary, therefore, to be careful lest accumulating details should mark out too closely the identity of more or less familiar characters. Many readers, however, will

call to mind cases in which wealth, vanity, and ambition have been the sole qualifications possessed by a M.F.H. Too ignorant of the whole subject of hunting to help himself, and too conceited to appear to be at the mercy of his huntsman by accepting his views, the prominent members of the hunt, friends of the Master, seize every opportunity of expressing their several and diverse opinions. The men, therefore, pass the time in wrangling and snubbing each other instead of in trying to kill foxes; and the hounds sit on their sterns, with upturned faces, strongly expressive of canine contempt, ardently longing to be drafted off to country where things are differently managed.

It is needless to say that in the Duke of Crampshire’s country nothing of this sort has been heard of from time immemorial. The hunt know that a perfect knowledge of woodcraft, together with an absolute genius for the “noble science,” direct the governance of the chase, and they are too good sportsmen not to comprehend their luck, to say nothing of personal esteem and regard for their leader.

A long time has passed since the Duke was called upon to give proof of the good account to which he had turned the lessons learnt on the backs of the pony and the cob. One day, for reasons which it is not necessary to detail, the well-mounted field found themselves with an excellent pack, three efficient whips, a master, and no huntsman; and the question arose, who is going to hunt the hounds? “I will,” exclaimed the Duke; and the patience, skill and cunning with which a wily fox was killed close upon three hours afterwards established for his Grace a reputation which has ever since continued to increase. This was long ago. Since then many years have fled to what the versifier, eagerly searching for some sporting metaphor, has called

“The stables where Time’s steeds are stalled  
When have run their races;  
Whence never one was e’er recall’d  
Eheu! anni fugaces!”

The weight of many hunting seasons, and twinges of an hereditary complaint which sometimes keeps him fretting from the saddle, prevent the noble M.F.H. from leading the van, slipping over those awkward stone walls which occur so frequently in some parts of his country, and chargiug those big black bullfinches which diminish fields so materially in others, as he did in the brave days of yore. But if anyone wants to see a run he cannot do better than—cannot do half so well as to—keep one eye on the Duke of Crampshire, and note where his splendid weight-carrier is bearing him; for if the fox had sketched out a little plan of his intentions, and lain it on the Master’s plate at breakfast time, His Grace could hardly be more fully cognizant of what the little beast was doing at any given time, and was going to do next. Now and then, of course, a difficulty has to be surmounted and a fence jumped, on which occasions His Grace still invariably arrives on the other side with punctuality and despatch. Nor has his early agility altogether departed, and it is probably with something in the nature of a mild malediction on his own awkwardness that a young gentleman recalls a little incident that happened last season—how, coming to a gate with an obstinate lock which necessitated dismounting, he bungled about stopping his horse, and suffered the Duke to slide from his saddle and perform a task which assuredly devolved upon the younger cavalier; a proof, however, of the ready kindness and courtesy which marks His Grace in all relations of life. The greeting which comes from all assembled as the M.F.H. drives up and bestrides the noble beast appointed for first horse, shows the stranger unmistakeably in what estimation he is held, and that it is not rank nor wealth, but personal regard which draws forth the smile of welcome. For all, too, he has a cheery word—and that in every respect, servants, stables, and kennels—something very nearly approaching to perfection is attained by the care and unrivalled experience of the M.F.H., will readily be understood. So the Duke of Wiltshire’s Hunt remains a social institution of weight and influence, and a model to with respect and attention when he speaks in the Upper House alike upon political or agricultural topics, an authority upon artistic questions, a *caisseur* who adds a special charm to the dinner-table over which he presides with such genial hospitality, His Grace is never so much at home, so thoroughly satisfied with himself and the world in general, as when seated in his saddle listening for the repetition of the note which proclaims that Wanton’s suspicions are correct and that Woldsman heartily agrees with him.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER, 9, Conduit-street, W.—“*Maritana*,” price 5s., “*Grand Fantaisie de Concert, pour le piano, par Carlo Tiesset, membre des Académies Royales de Musique de Florence et de Santa Cecilia, de Rome.*” This is the copious title of a clever pianoforte piece, dedicated by permission to H.R.H. the Princess Margaret of Piedmont, Crown Princess of Italy, and now Queen of Italy. Three months back we gave favourable notice of some works by Mr. Tiesset, and his “*Maritana*” pianoforte solo more than confirms the good impression previously awakened. It is a brilliant work of the bravura kind—far above the average of pianoforte solos founded on operas. Some of the leading themes in Wallace’s popular work are employed to great advantage as a means of introducing skilfully written bravura passages, and the solo will be found worthy the attention of advanced pianists who may be in search of a composition which combines really well-written music, with occasions for displays of technical skill.

HOPWOOD AND CREW, 42, New Bond-street, W.—“*The Last Boat*,” price 4s. “Descriptive song, written by R. Reece, composed by T. Pede.” The melody of this song, though not remarkably original is spirited and effective. The words are better than Mr. R. Reece usually writes, and the song—in which a young fisher maiden sings the praises of her fisherman lover, will probably become popular among soprano ballad singers.

WOOD & CO., 3, Great Marlborough-street, W.—“*Perles Classiques*” for the pianoforte, edited and fingered by C. Tiesset. Of the twelve numbers which will be comprised in this series of celebrated compositions for the pianoforte, Nos. 1 and 2 are already issued. No. 1, price 3s., contains Schuman’s “*Träumerei*” and “*Romanze*,” from Op. 15 and 68. These charming and popular compositions have been ably edited by Mr. Tiesset, who has marked the fingering where necessary. No. 2, price 4s., contains the famous Andante and Rondo Capriccioso by Mendelssohn. The difficulties of the Rondo (“*Presto leggiere*”) have been considerably lessened by the copious and careful fingering furnished by the editor, and we know of no edition better worthy the attention of students.—“*The Vesper Bell*,” price 4s., by E. Tiesset. The melody of this song is pleasing, though commonplace. The “*Ave Maria*” is weakly harmonised. The words are of average quality.—“*La Vedova*” (The Widow), Sicilian Lullaby, price 4s., by E. Tiesset. The words of this song are said to be “translated from the dialect” (?), and are supposed to be sung by an unhappy widow to her sleeping child. The English version, by E.H.C., is unworthy of praise, and the music is inappropriate in style. The melody, in the usual 6-8 time, is cheerful in character, and quite unsuited to the doleful words, and the accompaniment is colourless.—“*The Banjo Polka*,” price 3s., by A. Nicholson. In this polka an attempt has been made to reproduce banjo effects on the pianoforte. It is not otherwise remarkable, but will be serviceable for dancing purposes.

WITT & CO., 1A, Conduit-street, W.—“*Alpenröschen*” Styrienne for piano, price 3s., by J. Löw. This is a very pretty,

tuneful, and well-arranged pianoforte solo, of only moderate difficulty—useful for teaching purposes, yet worthy a place in the drawing-room.

JOHN HARE, Newcastle-on-Tyne.—“*The Lord’s Prayer*,” price 4s., words and music by C. Tiesset. It would have been better to have set the original Scriptural words than to attempt a metrical rhymed version of them. For the sake of providing rhymes, the versifier has interpolated sentences which are foreign to the original prayer, and has in fact taken liberties which can hardly be excused. If Mr. Tiesset likes to write a poetical prayer there can be no objection to his doing so, but our Lord’s Prayer must remain untouched by “adaptors.” There is merit in the music, but there are serious errors in the musical accentuation, *ex gr.*—

Oh shield us from  
The demon’s snare.

The italics are ours. The prosody in the phrase, “the demon’s snare,” is objectionable, the s in “snare” being preceded by s, the sign of the possessive case. Such words are difficult to articulate properly. We cannot congratulate Mr. Tiesset on his having made a success in this remodelling of the Lord’s Prayer.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## PHEASANT SHOOTING.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

ON the 1st of October saw the long-looked for pheasant shooting, but with the woods having as much foliage on as the height of summer, little can be done until the frost has caused the leaves to fall, for the underwood would be quite impossible to drive. The best thing and really very pretty sport it is to beat the small covers and hedge-rows, one gun one side and one the other, with a good spaniel and retriever, for many birds are away in turnips and stubbles, often a good distance from their home. When the leaves are off, the underwood clear, and you drive your birds with beaters, don’t have too many, for I have noticed sometimes twice as many men and boys than are required. They only get in each other’s way, and instead of beating in a line they “follow” one another, instead of being about 20 years apart. Better by far drive your wood “three times” back and forward and do it well than once and find half your birds run back. Many men think they have their birds all before them the very first drive; it is a great mistake, for often pheasants will skulk and creep and run back after the boys or men have gone. When you have your birds in a hot corner, that is the time to see that no accident occurs; for particularly young sportsmen get so excited, that they will fire at random, and often the poor beaters get a stray shot or two. When you have your “guns posted” insist on them keeping their places, and not to run the spot that one or two may perhaps be getting some shooting, for if they will only wait “their time” will be sure to come. I think a hint at this season of the year will not be out of place, and will save the chance of accident. Then as to the ground game. I have seen men shoot at rabbits and hares straight in front of beaters, without the slightest thought of them. What good fun there is sometimes with wild pigeons, particularly if there are any peas about. Some woods have thousands of them, and what is better than a wood pigeon if cooked for the table? It surprises that so many who are fond of the gun, take so little trouble to go for anything excepting the partridge or pheasant. As for winter shooting, when frost and snow is on the ground, duck and snipe shooting is the cream of sport. I don’t mean waiting for hours in a punt with a duck gun, but walking up your game with a water-spaniel at your side. No one can imagine the sport one sometimes gets, particularly in the fen country, but you must not mind now and then a bog for that is the place to find them. Another piece of advice is worth following: when you see a fog coming on, leave off at once, or you may, if far from home, have the pleasure of being out for hours, as I once was in Whittlebury, and got nearly left out for the night, which is anything but pleasant, particularly in a strange country.—I am, sir, yours &c., J.V.

## MATERIALS FOR BRITISH DRAMA.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Bowen’s letter, which did not come before me till to-day, I should wish to say that, though of undoubted and accepted justice, his remarks had no application to my own. It would appear that Mr. Bowen understood me to advocate the production, in dramatic form, of poems of the nature of “*Alastor*”; and, in its present form, of such an eminently “closet” play as *Paracelsas*. This was certainly not my intention, and it is easy to show that, were such steps taken, failure must inevitably ensue. It is undisputed that “action” is the first essential of the drama; consequently a play that deals merely with reflection and the sequence of thoughts and feelings would never be put on the stage. Again, it is particularly necessary that dramatic poetry should be perfectly clear; and if this is not complied with, it is doubtful whether the most sympathetic actor could convey immediately the meaning of the writer. Having specified what I did not mean, it remains to explain what I did mean. Writing of “plays that should bear the same relation to the Robertson comedies, as *Aurora Leigh* and *Maud* bear to Frederick Locker’s poem,” I intended to express a wish that plays having for their motives passions and heroisms, such as might be imagined to exist in the present state of society, and would serve to illustrate the thought of the period, should be added to such as deal merely with occurrences of a pathetic or somewhat exciting nature. With regard to my correspondent’s concluding aphorism, I must own that I cannot share his opinion that “the stage holds up the mirror to nature.” This I take to be a saying of the Philistine sages; and its partial truth appears to me to place it on a level with that law of the Medes and Persians, which enjoins the observance of the classical unities. That there should be a strong analogy between the stage and nature is of course; but the mirror held up, if any, must be a magnifying, concentrating, and arranging one.—Yours, &c., G. D.

7, Charles-street, St. James’s-square, S.W.

THE Liverpool Golf Club’s meeting at Hoylake was concluded on Friday week. The Kinnaird Challenge Gold Medal was won under handicap by Dr. Argyle Robertson, with a score of 95; the Grierson Claret Jug and the clubs and balls were tied for by Dr. Argyle Robertson, Mr. H. Moseley, and Mr. Charles at 95. Mr. Cook’s prize, value ten guineas, was carried off by Dr. Argyle Robertson, who made an aggregate score for the two days of 182.

A SERIOUS accident happened on Friday week to Colonel Heyward, Master of the North Hereford hounds. The pack met at Pencomb, and a fox being found the hounds were laid on. In a field a number of sheep had been penned by means of a quantity of netting, and Colonel Heyward’s horse caught its feet and threw its rider, where he lay insensible for twenty minutes. Medical assistance was promptly on the spot, and it was found the colonel had sustained injuries of a serious nature.

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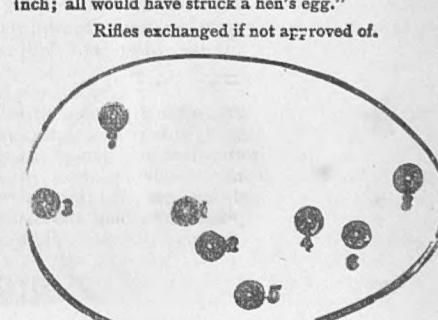
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